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"WINDING WOOL."



From Photo by LANGFIER, Glasgow

The Art of Marie Lloyd

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

THAT Marie Lloyd has a born genius for the stage it is unnecessary to tell any one who has once seen her and is capable of an opinion in the matter. From early childhood it has been her craze, and has, from her own account, led her into hot water more than once. Perhaps this is not surprising when we hear that, as a child, only too often, instead of attending to the small household duties of which she was capable, she would

employ her time in enacting dramas of her own concoction. Frequently an audible thump on the floor would inform those in authority that one more distracted heroine had fainted in despair on the hearth-rug, or sought an early death by diving from the dizzy heights of the chest of drawers into the depths of the foaming feather bed. It would, no doubt, have somewhat disappointed the enthusiastic little actress of those days if she could have known that her fame was to be made by a class of work so entirely

different from what, at this early period of her existence, seems to have formed the acme of her ambition.

Though these melodramatic scenas must have, more often than not, been of the nature of a monologue performed before a distinguished audience of chairs and tables, this was not always the case. In addition to finding apt pupils in her younger sisters, the coming diva of the music-halls sometimes enlisted the services of her schoolfellows, and occasionally she seems to have formed quite a large company for special performances. As all attempts at acting or rehearsals had to be carried out without coming to the knowledge of the manageress's father and mother, who had not at that time any idea of a theatrical career for their eldest daughter, the task of conducting them was invariably difficult and sometimes beset with danger. On one occasion, unknown to any one, she cleared all the furniture out of a bedroom, and, we believe, even went to the length of taking up the carpet, in order that she might have a suitable apartment in which to conduct the rehearsals of a performance which, in all probability, never took place. Everything having to be done with the strictest secrecy, the magnitude and risk of this attempt must have filled the young lady with the satisfaction of feeling that, for once, she was undergoing in real earnest the terrors and dangers which were wont to beset the lives of the fictitious heroines of the romantic plays she was in the habit of imagining. Up the back stairs the little band of aspiring actors (or, perhaps, it would be more truthful to say actresses) was led, in a stealthy silence that would not have disgraced the manoeuvres of a troupe of banditti, and woe betide the unfortunate infant who coughed, sneezed, or caused a stair to creak. Once safely ensconced in the improvised salon of the two-pair back, the troupe,

after having received instructions from their leader as to what they were to prepare during her absence, were left to rehearse while she returned to her usual duties so as to allay the suspicions of her unwary mamma until such time as the coast should be sufficiently clear to ensure her taking her place at their head in safety. When she at length arrived on the scene, how she put them through their paces, and what a martinet she could on occasion prove herself to be can be imagined.

No doubt she often had a trying time with this company of hers, for it is not likely that, with the exception of her own clever sisters, the young prima donna found many among a band of children, probably most of them younger than herself, who could always grasp the magnitude of her ideas so as to carry them out to her liking.

As has been said, these efforts of genius received no encouragement from her parents; but nothing seems to have daunted the indomitable theatrical spirit



From Photo by LANGFIER, Glasgow

which was born in her, and, in spite of opposition, and, sometimes, punishment, she appears to have pursued her career persistently. Her love of sights of any kind was insatiable, and many a scrape it has led her into. Though she was naturally debarred from the delights of theatres or music-halls by the limits of her pocket-money, no other show which there was any possibility of her seeing was allowed to go by without her being there to see it. It did not matter what it was, from a Lord Mayor's show to a labour procession, or even the marching past of a company of volunteers, see it she must. As has probably been already gathered, Marie Lloyd was not a young lady to allow trifles to stand in her way, and when she set her heart upon a thing she invariably attained it. It is curious to think of this little person, who was destined to be herself the central figure of so many pageants in the National Theatre and elsewhere, using her fascinations, it need hardly be said, almost always successfully, on one of Pickford's men to allow her to use the tail of his van as a private box from which to view some passing show. Still more lucky did she think herself when her charms subdued the heart of the driver of a hansom into allowing her to plant herself on the roof of his cab for a similar purpose. The occasion of all others that is most firmly fixed in her memory is when she started from home at three o'clock in the morning to see the return of the troops from the Egyptian war. This, for a young lady who had not at the time reached her teens, was not a bad exploit, and when she tells you that she witnessed the show hanging on to a lamp-post by her eyelashes you are not surprised that she remembers it.

The sound of a piano organ was another attraction she could never resist; its effect on her was as magnetic as the music of the Pied Piper on the children of Hammelin. If one came within hearing, no matter what she might have been engaged on, or how strictly she was forbidden to do so, out she flew and danced to it until she was tired, often following it some distance into the bargain. After a time, however, circumstances arose which led to the first step being taken towards

what was to prove such a brilliant career, and though the goal of the little girl's ambition was not to be reached just yet, even these early attempts must have been more gratifying to her soul than raving and stamping before an audience of chairs or schoolfellows, and even surpassed the joys of watching shows or running after street organs to dance to the sweet strains of the latest music-hall song.

The brightness and intelligence of the child before long attracted the attention of one of the governesses at the school which she attended, and it was at her suggestion that Marie Lloyd made her first bow before a real audience. This lady, who must have our thanks as being one of the means of bringing before the public one of its greatest favourites, was not, as might be imagined, herself a person of theatrical tendencies. On the contrary, she was of a strongly religious turn of mind, being an ardent adherent of Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, and it was this gentleman who, we say it with all respect, was Marie Lloyd's first manager. At that time, which must be now some years ago—probably before the lamp-post episode—entertainments were given at the City Temple in which little sketches were performed illustrating various points of morality, particularly temperance. The quickness and aptitude of the pupil soon impressed her teacher that she would be an eminently suitable child to perform in these sketches, in the preparation of which she was in the habit of helping Dr. Parker. Not only the services of Miss Lloyd herself, but those of her sister Alice, and, later on, her third sister, were called into requisition, their mother not only giving her consent without much difficulty, but entering into the idea with alacrity. What trouble she expended on her little daughters' dresses and appearance, and what pride she took in their performances can be guessed by any one who knows to what a great extent the success they have since attained is due to her untiring efforts and excellent training.

The pieces in which they performed, which were learned in school under the guidance of the governess we have mentioned, were usually written in rhyme, and were naturally of a severely

moral tone. They were acted, or it would be more correct to say recited, on a platform in the Temple without any adjuncts of scenery or theatrical costume. Doubtless the absence of battle, murder, and sudden death from their composition was rather a disappointment to an aspiring tragedienne, but the mere fact of treading the boards, even though they were only the boards of a platform, must have given her keen satisfaction. It is curious to think of the leading lady

lady who asked for advice as to how she should reach the parental roof in male headgear, was not a subject for laughter, but an example of vice. For he broke his word, got drunk again, and was, in the course of the drama, made to devour his own Lincoln and Bennett in the form of a stew. It need hardly be added that this experience was sufficiently trying to prevent his running the risk of ever having a similar misfortune by becoming the worse for liquor.



Free Photo by LANGFIER, Glasgow

of our music-halls appearing before an audience of rabid teetotalers as an inebriate husband, in a top hat, which he swears to his wife (played by her younger sister) he will eat if he ever gets drunk again. Though the appearance of the artist must have been something the same as it was in her performance of a recent song at the Palace Theatre, the resemblance would have been in appearance only. The hero of the temperance sketch, unlike the young

To the average little girl these occasional public appearances would, probably, have sufficed; but this was no ordinary child. Not content with acting to an audience of a thousand or so, she continued to employ all her spare time and energy in getting up entertainments for various purposes with her schoolfellows. These performances, now that her theatrical ability was making itself so manifest, were no longer, as formerly, conducted by stealth. They not only had great success, and met with much applause from her pastors and masters, but to this day she is the proud possessor of an address, in which she is thanked, by one of the former, for the energy and ingenuity with which she had worked to obtain success for an entertainment in which he was interested.

That any one, so thoroughly stage-struck as Marie Lloyd was by this time, could be kept for long within the bounds of an ordinary work-a-day existence was a practical impossibility. After a very short while a decision was arrived at, and she was launched upon her music-hall career at about the time of life when most young ladies have hardly embarked upon vulgar fractions, and the mysteries of proportion are unknown. The reason that the music-halls were chosen instead of the theatre was that the course presented less difficulties. Her mother, who had herself appeared upon the music-hall boards before her marriage, had never lost touch with her old surroundings, and it was to the halls she naturally turned, as the easiest way

to start her eldest daughter in the profession she had chosen to adopt. In the latter part of 1886, and the beginning of 1887, the first appearances of the future queen of comic song were made, her actual *debut* taking place at the Grecian Assembly Rooms, in the City Road.

The songs she sang to begin with were of a very different calibre from those which have made her famous. Ballads, of which "The Blue Alsatian Mountains" is a typical example, were what she first tried her luck with, and, apparently, with great success, for at no time, since she has been on the stage, does she ever seem to have taken a backward step. It could not be expected, however, that this class of work would be sufficiently striking to satisfy the ambition of the young artist, or of her mother, who strained every nerve, and used every effort, to ensure her daughter's success. At the time of which we are speaking every song was rehearsed, and every dance arranged under the sole supervision of her mother, who showed excellent judgment, not only in her choice of songs and arrangement of "business," but also in fostering the youthful singer's natural and original style, and keeping her free from the hackneyed tricks and gestures of her profession.

An engagement at a regular music-hall, The Star, Bermondsey, was soon secured, and so great was the success Miss Lloyd attained in her first week that she was engaged for a second, at a rise of salary. After this the ladder was rapidly climbed, and it was hardly more than a matter of months before she had reached the topmost rung. So rapidly did she spring into fame that one is apt to think she must have had more experience, and have been on the stage for a longer time than was really the case when she first became famous. In those early days nearly all the minor music-halls had a taste of her quality, and nowhere did failure stare her uncomfortably in the face. Her talent as a performer of song and dance soon won for her the admiration of the frequenters of the Middlesex Music Hall, and "The Boy I Love Sits up in the Gallery" seemed to bear a personal significance to every male frequenter of that lofty

position in the Drury Lane establishment. All over London—north, south, east, and west alike—she soon became a favourite. Her songs were sung and whistled everywhere in the streets, and half the errand boys of the metropolis were devoured by a ravaging and hopeless passion for the fair-haired damsel. The invariable smartness of her appearance, her inexhaustible good humour, and, above everything, the unflagging energy which she put into her work, all helped to attain this end. At this period she had many songs which have since been forgotten by the public, and probably by the singer herself, which had, nevertheless, quite sufficient vogue to satisfy the desire even of an artist who had made up her mind to get to the top of the tree in double-quick time. "That was before My Time," and later, "Oh! Jeremiah, Don't You Go to Sea-ee," "The Wrong Man," and "Never Let a Chance Go By," were songs which, by their popularity, paved the way for the first really huge triumph of the singer's career, "Then You Wink the Other Eye." From the date of this song the artist felt that her reputation was established, and it cannot have been long before she also became conscious that she was without rival in the particular line she had chosen. Owing to its haunting tune, this ditty was soon sung, not only all over London and England, but all over the English-speaking world as well. When the expressive wink with which she made its success was first acquired we do not know, but are inclined to think she must have been born winking, and practised the accomplishment on the flies that swung on the bobbins ornamenting the hood of her cradle. It does not matter, the wink and the song combined did their duty so manfully that the services of the lady were soon at a premium, and a tour in the United States, which was one of its results, added fresh laurels to her already heavily-weighted brow. The song which accompanied this more famous effort was perhaps a cleverer performance. In "Whacky, Whacky, Whack," with its refrain set to the ancient melody of "Lillabulero," she gave the first of the impersonations of childhood for which

she is so justly famous. Studied first from her younger sisters, and latterly from her own little girl, these juvenile songs of Marie Lloyd's are the most genuine pieces of acting, combined with song and apart from extravagance, that our music-halls have up to the present time been able to boast. Though this first effort had not the brilliancy and finish of her more recent essays in the same direction, in it lay the germ of them all, and on that account the song deserves more comment than it otherwise would do.

The success of the two songs last mentioned brought about an engagement as principal girl in Drury Lane pantomime, under Sir Augustus Harris, and "The Fair One with the Golden Locks" sang them so much to the liking of the frequenters of the national playhouse, that she was re-engaged for and played in the productions of the two following years. This was not, however, quite her first appearance on the theatrical stage, the name of Marie Lloyd appearing in the bill of the pantomime of "The Magic Dragon," at the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, in 1888-9.

One great success now followed closely on the heels of another. After an excursion into the realms of the coster with "Garn Away!" came—"Twiggy Voo" and "Oh! Mr. Porter," the latter of which must have nearly driven the hater of music-hall songs demented, so often was its appealing—we almost said appalling—refrain repeated. The song itself was a good specimen of its kind, and brought out the comic side of the singer's personality, the knowing manner and

winking eye being discarded in favour of a style more original and more genuinely humorous.

After this, one popular song followed another with amazing rapidity. "The Naughty Continong," "The Barmaid," "The Bicycle," and hosts more. It would be useless to try and enumerate them, and futile into the bargain, for the



From Photo by LANGFIER, Glasgow

public who go to music-halls can remember them for themselves.

The reasons of Miss Lloyd being so firmly established as an idol of the public are not difficult to find. In the first place she is a particularly clever and intelligent woman, who must have got on in whatever calling she had chosen

to adopt, and in addition she has—what only a few of her profession can claim—absolute originality. She is not one of those performers who, beginning by copying some one else, eventually strike out a line of their own in which they attain success. As she began so she has gone on, and though her style has improved, and continues to improve year by year, it is in the main the same as it was at the commencement. Keenly observant, she sees the comic possibility of a situation in a moment, and utilises it in such a way that the audience feel as though it is they who have the sense of humour, not the singer. This is a very happy faculty for an artist to possess, for we all like to think ourselves clever and quick-witted. There is never any thrusting forward of a funny line in a song, and though every atom of humour is squeezed out of the material she has in hand, the process by which this end is reached is never observable. How she differs in this

from some of her sister artists, both English and foreign, it is needless to say. Gifted by Nature with a singularly expressive face, she can, by its slightest movement, convey a world of meaning, and meaning that is not merely hinted at, but clear and decided. She can express more by a cough or a sniff than another artist could by five minutes' elaborate pantomime. Though her voice is not a large one, she can make it carry anywhere, and her singing is always faultlessly in tune. And what an excellent worker she is; no matter what or where the audience may be, the quality of the performance she gives is always equally perfect. She will, and quite rightly too, take as much pains to please and amuse a house full of costermongers as she will to rouse the enthusiasm of the apathetic frequenters of music-halls in more fashionable quarters of the town. She says that all audiences are kind to her, and, indeed, it is small wonder.

In the case of music-hall performers, the material on which they work has not nearly the same effect on their position with the public as in the case of actors. It is true that approbation may be sometimes easily gained by a happily chosen catch used, or a tuneful refrain, but the player is more ably assisted in the long run by his author. On the other hand, the music-hall singer has a great pull over his brother performer of the theatre, in having the stage entirely to himself for the whole of his performance. The audience at a music-hall is, however, so entirely different from that at a theatre that this advantage is heavily discounted by the fact of his having to gain the attention of the spectators, while the actor has, as a rule, only to keep it. With Marie Lloyd this faculty of arresting attention is particularly noticeable. While she is singing the audience listen with as much eagerness as a fervent congregation will lavish on a popular preacher. When she walks on merely, she takes the stage in such a manner



From Photo. by LANGFIER, Glasgow

that you can tell at a glance she belongs to the front rank of her profession. This is not the effect of put-on airs and graces; indeed, it is the very absence of "side" that shows the unmistakable stamp of the true artist. From the very beginning of her career there has been a freshness and absence of affectation in her style that has distinguished Marie Lloyd from all her fellows. Everything she does appears to be spontaneous, and the idea of the moment rather than the result of study. Though this is, of course, not really the case, the effect on her audiences is just as magnetic as if it was. The apparent absolute nonchalance of her manner has, we believe, impressed a large section of the public with the idea that the singer is as careless as she seems. Probably any one more careful or more anxious about the way her songs will be received it would be difficult to find. But the audience is never allowed to know this, and her light-hearted manner is not only convincing but infectious. Though there is a touch of impudence in her method, it is never allowed to go beyond such bounds as the requirements of her work demand. Naturally, as a true humorist, she prefers character songs, as they give more scope for acting; and we could wish she had more of them, but good ones are not easy to obtain. Her style is so essentially English, and particularly — well, shall we say metropolitan — that it would be interesting to see her performing in a foreign land, as she has done from time to time. The feeling of not being understood by the greater part of her audience might with another

person have a paralysing effect, but it only urges her to elaborate her business and dancing with the result that she ends in bringing down the house just as successfully as if her hearers understood every word of her cockney argot. One sometimes feels a pang of regret to think of what this artist might have done on the stage of the theatre, and to what heights she would have risen as an actress of comedy had the fates ordained that she should choose that side of her profession. But after all, it really does not much matter. She could not well have been more delightful than she is.


The portraits we have been fortunate enough to secure to illustrate this article are all of them characteristic, the photographer, Langfieri, of Glasgow, having been singularly happy in reproducing Miss Lloyd's expression and personality.



From Photo by LANGFIER Glasgow

Inch by Inch

WRITTEN BY FRED WHISHAW. ILLUSTRATED BY LEONARD LINSDELL

MONG our company around the camp-fire was a middle-aged man, a friend of Stephen's, who spoke little, but generally appeared absorbed either in the conversation of the moment or in some reflections of his own. I put him down from the first as one who had seen trouble, and whispered my conclusion to Stephen, who knew all about him.

"He has," said Stephen; "and what's more, he can tell a rare 'Escape' story if you can get him to screw himself up to the necessary point; but he doesn't much like telling his story—it makes him dream, he says!" This speech of Stephen's made me quite anxious to hear the stranger's story; and when our skipper called upon him to take his turn at amusing the company, I listened eagerly in hopes that he would offer to tell the story referred to by Stephen.

The stranger considered awhile and then said, hesitatingly, that he feared he had no hunting tales that would compare with some of the excellent experiences narrated by the others.

"Any escape will do," said the skipper; "an escape from fire, for instance, if you happen to have experienced one, or —"

"Or water," interrupted Stephen suggestively.

The stranger glanced quickly at Stephen, and flushed slightly; then he cleared his throat.

"Well," he said, "I'll do my best. I had a bit of an adventure once—as Stephen there knows; but it may not interest you, though it has provided me

with a stock nightmare for many a year. It was when I was twenty—I'm forty now, and a trifle more—and I was putting in a long vacation read with a party down at the seaside—a quiet little place, not far from St. David's, in Pembrokeshire. I was reading pretty hard for 'Honour Mods,' and was in the habit of taking a book out with me of an afternoon, while the rest played cricket or tennis, hoping to save a little time by taking the necessary exercise without altogether stopping bookwork the while. It was, I admit, a foolish attempt to combine two things which, if either is to be really useful, should be kept rigorously apart. My companions, besides voting me unsociable, prophesied innumerable misfortunes if I should persist in my foolish practice of reading as I walked. I would step over the cliff one day, they said, and make a little flight of a couple of hundred feet or so upon my head, or do a hundred equally unpleasant and idiotic things. Indeed, they displayed considerable ingenuity in their suggestions of misfortune, though not one of them came within measurable distance of hitting upon the strange and terrible experience that actually befell me.

"I was walking one afternoon some three miles from our village. The first half-mile had been a stretch of firm sand, and here I found little difficulty in reading my *Tacitus* as I walked; but presently I was obliged to mount to the top of the cliffs, which, even at low tide, ran sheer into the water at their base, and, for a distance of a couple of miles or so, to walk along the grass at their summit, with my *Tacitus* stowed away in my pocket, in deference to the

gruesome prophecy of the mocking seers who had foretold my disappearance over the cliff. The path was narrow and rather close to the edge, and, as a matter of fact, if I should attempt to read as I went, I might very easily, in the agonies of translation, take a false step and find myself—or be found, more likely—stretched out, a candidate for funeral rites, at the bottom of a hundred or two of feet of rock. But, as I knew, the path led down presently to the shore; and once off the dangerous heights, I should be able to resume my reading as I went.

"Filled with the desire to waste no time, I hurried along the top of the cliffs, and covered the two miles in twenty-five minutes. Then, all danger passed, I whipped out my *Tacitus* and slackened speed, and soon I was at my old game of reading and walking, picking my way automatically as I went among the shingle and rocks, quite absorbed in my book, and scarcely glancing at the ground I stepped upon, excepting when brought up suddenly by a rock or a pool that had to be skirted or otherwise negotiated. But presently I came to a place where the going was decidedly bad. It was an unusually low tide, and my track lay across a series of low rocks covered with seaweed of a very bright green colour, which made them slippery to a degree unimaginable.

"Still, I read on as I cautiously felt my way with stick and foot. Once I slipped and nearly fell, and a second time I slipped and did fall, sitting down somewhat violently upon a wet and barnacled rock, which Nature had never intended as a seat for tender human beings, and which I certainly should never have chosen for such a purpose had I been consulted by destiny. I laughed and said to myself that this sort of thing wouldn't do, and if I slipped a third time I would put old *Tacitus* away again, and look where I went for a bit, for the last experience had been painful and startling. A moment later I slipped again, and this time I felt a sudden and violent pain in my ankle.

"I had fallen on my feet, having suddenly slid down the side of a seaweedy

rock, and now stood in a tiny pool of water that lay at the base of it, dividing it from another a trifle larger. I raised my left foot to step out upon land, or at all events upon semi-dry rock, when I found to my surprise that my right foot—which pained me considerably when I tried to move it—was a prisoner. It was jammed into a narrow place between the two rocks, and though I twisted it about and tried to fit it into the fissure from every direction, I could not hit upon the precise position at which it would be possible to withdraw my foot—namely, the same which it had occupied when it squeezed itself in.

"After trying vainly for some minutes, and getting very hot and absurdly angry over the process, I paused to rest; and now the comicality of the affair struck me, and I sat and laughed, working up my mirth until I roared with laughter. I did not feel in the least anxious as yet, for I thought it was self-evident that a hole which had let a foot in must in the end let that foot out again if approached with patience and without foolish displays of irritability. So I sat and rested and laughed, and then it struck me that before wasting my time in finning out this puzzle, namely, why a foot that so easily slipped into a hole should not be as easily slipped out again, I would see whether a little persuasion would not avail to move one of the rocks, so that the necessity to thread the needle would be obviated. I therefore sat down upon one rock and applied all my strength to the other, pushing for dear life with the backs of my legs pressed hard against my own rock to supply the necessary resistance. But both rocks were as firm as St. Paul's, and though they seemed to shake a little in response to my exertions, this was all the concession they would grant to my frantic efforts.

"Then I sat and laughed again, but not quite so gaily; and after a little of this the thought occurred to me that I was wasting precious time, and that the position was so *infra dig.* that I should not care to be seen in it; and, in a word, that it was all very well, but I must get my foot out quickly and go.

"So I coaxed the hole and wiggled it in every direction; I pointed my toes down



"I RAISED MY LEFT FOOT TO STEP OUT UPON LAND"

and tried to come out heels first—a position which pained me pretty considerably; but the aperture was not nearly large enough. Then I turned the heel down and tried the hole toes first, and *that* was no go. I tried it straight and tried it crooked; tried it sideways; I tugged at my shin with both hands, and nearly pulled the foot off at the ankle, but as for releasing it, I did not seem even to approach that desired consummation, but only scored my wretched limb with barnacles, besides causing the original slight sprain to

become a somewhat severe one, and the foot, already swelled by the first wrench, to assume something like the size of that of the lamented 'Clementine,' whose shoes, it will be remembered by every scholar who listens to my history, were 'Number Nine.'

"This circumstance threw light upon the mystery. Naturally, a foot which is a small seven when it enters a hole, can scarcely be expected to leave by the same exit when it has become two sizes larger. Obviously it could not, unless it should first be whittled down to the

necessary smallness. Well, then, I concluded, sitting down once more to rest and look the matter in the face; well, then, unless I can move the rock there the foot must remain until someone comes along to help me out!

"I tried every way and every position, using every atom of the strength I possessed to cause that rock to budge, if it were but a couple of inches. I panted; I sweated; I'm afraid I swore; I laughed also, and eventually I gave it up for a while and sat down. Why waste my breath in so hopeless an enterprise? I would keep it for shouting; nay, I would start shouting at once! There were two or three little cutter-rigged boats sailing about the bay mackerelling. The nearest was a mile or so away, and I shouted with all the power in my voice-box, backed up by a pair of very fair lungs. The fellows in the boat evidently heard, but though they replied with a loud coo-ee they showed no signs of coming to my assistance, and obviously accepted my yelling as an ordinary greeting from some light-hearted stranger upon the shore, signifying nothing more than that the said stranger felt happy in the fine air and sunlight and desired to signify the same to all and sundry within ear-shot.

"And away scudded little White-wings, the sunlight glinting upon her sails as she put about from time to time, taking short tacks within the mackerel area; and the mile became two miles and the shouts died away or were discontinued though I continued to yell.

"It was, I think, just at this moment of disappointment that the idea which has since become the master-subject of all my nightmares, fell like an icy blast upon my imagination: The Tide.

"What was the tide? Fairly low still, I knew, but how long had it to run, and where was high-water mark?

"The cliffs loomed on my right, fifty yards away; their base at this place stood upon dry land now, when the tide was out; but I could see by the marks left by the average high water, how high—approximately—the tide would climb to-night. I stood up at my full height and measured the level with my eye. It was difficult to judge in this manner, but it appeared to me that—if one took

the still wet line of last high-water mark as the standard for the next—then full tide to-night would just about comfortably drown me. It might just do it, and it might just not.

"What about the time? I had the local time and tide-table in my pocket; I pulled it out (anything but deliberately), and with trembling fingers turned up the tide page. High-tide would be at nine o'clock. I looked at my watch: it was half-past four; why, it was all right! There were four hours and a-half before I need feel seriously alarmed, and all that time might be occupied in shouting for help. Lord! if no one came into calling distance within that time I should be the most unfortunate of all created beings. So for half an hour I continued to shout aloud, yet not one of my coo-ees or hoo-las produced any effect whatever, except to set a-flying, at each recurrence, a fine covey of sandpipers which flew whistling hither and thither before they settled and became invisible among the greys, and browns, and whites of the shingle, their own autotype as to colours.

"Then, feeling hoarse, I rested awhile, and took up my *Tacitus*; and I actually became absorbed in the work, and read up a chapter pretty thoroughly (this chapter has ever since been associated in my mind with the events of that terrible evening!); so absorbed was I, indeed, that I did not notice how quickly the tide approached, and it was not until with a rush and a gurgle the first wavelet ran in and flooded the little pool in which my foot lay captive, that I became suddenly aware of the new development.

"I started up and looked at my watch: it was twenty to six. As I replaced the watch in my pocket, a second bustling wavelet flowed into my pool, and converted the tiny pond into a little lake having a miniature river that drained it back into the sea.

"A wild sense of fear suddenly assailed me.

"'My God!' I thought, 'am I to be held fast by the leg here and slowly drowned by the rising tide? I will not. I will tear off my very foot at the ankle, but I will escape!'

"And with the thought I fell once

more, but in the strength now of desperation, upon the stone which held me captive. But even the strength of despair is limited, and though I partly moved the rock I could not displace it; it fell back presently, and the incoming tide having probably washed away meanwhile some little supporting stone, held me tighter than ever—so much so, that both legs appeared to be caught in the trap, whereas but one had hitherto been a prisoner. Seeing which I ground my teeth together and swore horribly at the rock and spat at it; but soon discerning the feeble childishness of such conduct, I turned to laughing hysterically for a while. Then I reflected that if, as seemed probable, I was destined to stand here till the tide came up and went down again, I might as well calmly consider whether there was anything I could do to improve my chance of safety in case the water should rise a little too high for my present position. From the level of the sand upon which I stood to the exit between the rocks—which was no exit for me since I could not squeeze through it—was a height of nine inches or so. I might at least collect all the stones within reach and pop them into the hole in order to raise the level upon which I stood; and this I did, with the result that I presently raised myself by about six inches. Aha! I thought; these six inches may just make the difference, who knows? I shall reflect, if the tide rises as high as my mouth *now*, that it would have drowned me but for this good idea! Yes, was my next thought, but if I am still not high enough, then I shall have prolonged the agony by six inches—say twenty minutes! Twenty extra minutes of life and suspense, and the anguish of waiting to know one's fate. Lord! one must be thankful for small mercies.

"By this time the rising water had hidden the aperture into which my feet had squeezed, and, raised as I was, the wavelets flowed over my ankles. It was now considerably past six o'clock.

"My companions were all, or nearly all, playing in a cricket match; stumps were to be drawn at six. The match was over by now. If only they would spare a thought for me, and miss me, and wonder why I had not returned

home! But alas, they were accustomed to my solitary ways, and would feel no fears on my account, and, perhaps, never give me a thought till dinner-time.

"Then, being unnerved, I suppose, and scarcely responsible for my actions, I took a turn at crying, reviling a destiny that elected to wipe out in this cruel and heartless manner a young scholar who might have been a credit to his college and university had he been allowed his fair share of life, like others. I thought of—well, a certain girl, and of her griet to-morrow when she should read the account of my horrible end; and I pictured to myself the very look of the paragraph that should be headed 'Terrible Fate of an Oxford Undergraduate,' and the cold journalistic style in which the story would be told. I thought of my own suddenly-ended career—my ambitions, my affections, my-delight of life—all broken short off and buried in three lines of printer's ink and in the tears of a few relations and, perhaps, of one girl besides, and I wept like a baby in pure nerveless sorrow and pity for myself.

"Now the water was up to my knees, rising gradually but gaining steadily inch by inch. I took to marking the highest point touched by sticking my tie-pin into my trousers at each new high-water mark. Gad! how quickly it came up and how cold it felt. Ooh! a single wavelet gained just then four inches at a bound, and it was scarcely yet seven o'clock.

"Should I pray? Yes, I would pray; yet if God's mind were made up to my utter ruin, even prayers would not—could not—avail me. Nevertheless, I prayed.

"A great cormorant and two gulls had appeared from Heaven knows where, and were floating quietly upon the calm sea within fifty yards of me. Had they come to watch my end, and did they harbour designs upon me as a standing dish? Ah! a *standing* dish; that was good, for standing I was and must remain, unless I chose to end matters by sitting down and allowing the sea to roll over my head. Well, at any rate, these greedy ghouls should feast upon me while my breath lasted; I took the knife from my pocket

and opened it; I would defend myself to the last. Now came a gruesome idea: had I nerve to cut through my leg—it would have to be both legs—and free myself that way? No—I would rather be drowned, far rather.

"Great Scot! what was that? Did a large fish suddenly rise close to me? There was a great splash, and the cormorant and the two white gulls rose and flapped lazily a hundred yards away seaward. At the same moment some one shouted at the top of the cliffs and threw a second stone at the big birds as they flew. I raised my eyes—a man stood and waved and shouted, scaring the gulls, not observing me.

"With a gasp of gratitude and a warm flow of intense hope that went like a cordial through my veins, I raised my voice and gave such a yell that I saw the man start and turn quickly round to me.

"Great scissors!' he cried, 'how you startled me; why, it's you, Rogers! What are you doing—are you mad? Do you know the tide's coming in fast? You'll hardly get—'

"It was Shepley—one of our party; I forgot he was not playing. I interrupted him—

"For God's sake, Shepley,' I yelled, 'run to the village for all you're worth, unless you'd see me drowned in two hours. I'm caught by the foot in the rocks and can't move. Get a boat, and Hewetson—who can dive—and a dynamite cartridge from the quarry, and long hand-spikes, and be back here in an hour and a-half, or I'm done for. Do you understand?'

"Are you serious?' he shouted, 'or—'

"Man alive, do you suppose I'm standing here for choice? Run, for God's sake, and don't waste a minute!'

"Before the words were out of my mouth Shepley had disappeared. Dear old Shepley! He was one of the worst and clumsiest runners I ever saw, but he must have travelled upon the wings of the wind that night.

"For half an hour after this, sweet hope ran riot in my spirits, keeping me alive and happy. The water was half-way up my thighs, and the cormorant and the two gulls swam now within

twenty yards of me, but I cared nothing. I looked at my watch—it was a quarter to eight; in an hour or less I should be free! I took the watch from its pocket and tied it round my neck with my scarf, in case some insistent wavelet should come along and swamp it. I shouted at the cormorant, and he suddenly dived with his head in my direction. Gad! was he going to attack me from below?

"But he rose to the surface some distance from me, and the gulls flew startled away. Good heavens! how my foot pained me: far more so than a while ago; the pressure of the tide seemed to sway my body to and fro, for the water had now reached my middle, and at each swaying movement my sprained ankle suffered a cruel wrench: it was torture.

"However, it was just eight now, and the fellows might come at any moment to release me; I should not have to bear the pain and the cold much longer. The cormorant is close to me again, looking at me with his face held sideways. Am I growing lightheaded, or is he really as big as a small steam-launch? And those things beyond, are they my friends the gulls, or a couple of white-sailed dinghies? Lord! it's cold. This is going to be a high tide; it's rising faster than ever. The little waves, beating against the cliffs, seem to be playing some lovely tune, marvellously scored, a part to each wave—why, I know the tune well! it's the old hymn, 'O God, our help in ages past.'

"I join in and sing a stave or two, but I can't remember the words. What a terrific pressure the tide has! It is swaying me backwards and forwards like a great piece of seaweed that is attached to a rock. When I am straight up, the water reaches my chest now. If it rises much higher, the swing of the tide will wash my head under water, and then—

"Even as the thought struck me, a great swirling, swelling wave engulfed me to the neck, and, cradling me backwards and landwards, passed over my head and away. I was above surface again in a moment, but a horrid fear was at my heart—the fear of instant death. I had swallowed a quantity of

water, and gasped and choked painfully. But fortunately, as often happens, this big swell was not immediately followed by others as big—it was a forerunner; the true high-water mark was still short of the top button of my blazer.

"But I knew now that the boat must come within a quarter of an hour, or else it might stay away altogether for all the good it would do me. Five minutes passed, and another five; the music of the waves swelled up to Heaven and

Could it really be so? There was no time to look, and the night was growing dark besides, or I blind; for another wave bent me back and passed over my face, though the true high-water mark was but at my collar. Another shout—I had no breath to reply—and more shouts. They have seen me, then; if only I could stand straight up and breathe awhile, I could answer them.

"My God! we're too late—he's drowned!" I heard someone say.



"STRONG HANDS LAID HOLD OF ME"

down again to earth with each wave that rolled landward and laid its share of harmony at the foot of the cliff. 'O God, our help!' they sang. Was not God my help too? Why did no help come my way?

"Another great swell of water passed over me, and I went under and rose again, panting and in deadly fear. As I rose I fancied I heard something above the hymn of the sea that swelled around me—a shout, a human shout, it seemed.

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"Strong hands laid hold of me, supporting my swaying body against the boat, so that the tide did not duck me as before.

"Rogers, man! Do you hear us? We've come to save you."

"No!" I gasped, 'I'm not drowned. Hold me straight, so that I can breathe a bit. That's—that's better!'

"Give him the brandy, Shepley!" cried someone, and in a moment a warm, saving glow crept through my veins as I

swallowed the healing stuff. I grabbed at my watch and looked at it. It had stopped at 8.50.

"'Is it high tide?' I gasped.

"'Ten past nine,' said someone; 'it's just turned. We'd have been here half an hour ago, but couldn't get the tools. Can you hang on an hour or so till it's shallower, or shall Hewetson dive and place a cartridge? It may lose you your leg if we blow up the rock, that's the mischief.'

"'I'll wait,' I said. 'Give me more brandy; I shall faint directly with the pain of my ankle. The tide's pulling at it like ten teams of horses!'

"I did faint, I am told. I am also told that for a couple of hours I raved and talked the most shocking nonsense, declaring that the cormorant had dived and was feeding upon my foot, that the waves were singing my death-song, that my preservers were a set of bandits and worse, and had not come to save me, but to make an end of me in order to rob me, when the sea and the cormorant should have done their work, with much to the same effect.

"Nay, even when at half tide two of them had waded in, and with carefully-placed handspikes raised the rock and released me, I refused to be taken into the boat. They would cut my throat, I said, for the money in my pockets and the watch at my neck, and I struggled and fought like a raging lunatic when they lifted me in, willy-nilly.

"For a week I lay and raved, a victim to high fever and its attendant delirium. Shepley declared it was the brandy, of which I took enough, he said to float a man-of-war. But I know well enough that it was the suspense and the horrors of a vivid imagination—a gift of nature from which I have suffered all my life—that did the mischief. As for my foot I was dead lame for six weeks, but I recovered in the end. Still, besides the nightmare, I carry two mementos of that awful evening constantly with me. Here is one," ended Rogers, producing out of his pocket a tattered copy of *Tacitus*, "and"—pointing to his hair, which was as white as a gull's breast—"here's the other. I hope I shall never part with either!" he ended, laughing.





STARTING FROM THE MIDLAND GOODS YARD

Transporting the Greatest Show on Earth

WRITTEN BY CHARLES HENRY JONES

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. A. SCOTTON

TO ship off the Greatest Show on Earth from America to this country, and establish it at the Olympia, was a big business successfully performed, and now Mr. Batley is in a position to accomplish the still more difficult task of transporting the monster exhibition from place to place, so that it may be seen at the leading provincial centres, as well as in London.

The show, as seen in the provinces, is a large village under canvas, comprising:—

1. The "big top" circus tent, oval in shape, 525 feet long, 240 feet wide, and 65 feet high. It accommodates 15,000 people, every one of whom is provided with a separate seat. Down the centre are the circus rings, in which, as at the

Olympia, three grand performances are enacted at the same time.

2. The menagerie tent, 250 feet long and 150 feet wide. Here the freaks sit in state on a raised platform in the middle, the cages of animals are ranged round the sides, and the elephants, camels, dromedaries, zebras, Indian cattle, and other led stock, occupy a large space at the ends.

3. The horse tents, of which there are two, the smaller one devoted to the use of the performing thoroughbreds and little ponies, the larger one being the stable for the team horses.

4. The refreshment tent for the visitors, and canteen for the staff; the latter to seat five hundred people. It is provided with a huge cooking range, which can be placed in position and got into operation in a few minutes, also

with a refrigerator for keeping the meat and other provisions cool.

5. The side show, a circular tent 100 feet in diameter, in which the marionettes, the serpent charmer, the fire and needle eaters, the gentleman weighing 35 stone, and other marvels are congregated.

Besides all these tents, there are the ticket and pay offices, wardrobe tent, dressing rooms, lavatories, barber's and wigmaker's shop, and a workshop with fitter's bench, blacksmith's hearth, and all the necessary apparatus for repairing road vehicles and shoeing horses.

the tents and start the grand opening parade at the next town punctually at nine o'clock the following morning; also to have everything in readiness to throw the doors open to the public for a full exhibition at 1 p.m. To an ordinary individual such a rapid removal would appear to be an impossibility, but Mr. Bailey is not an ordinary individual, and the word impossibility does not exist in his vocabulary; so the thing has been done, and will be repeated as the show proceeds on its tour through the provinces.

For the purpose of conveying the



OUTSIDE THE CANTEN—PREPARING FOR BREAKFAST

In connection with the show is a staff of performers and workmen, numbering 860 all told, 460 horses, and 104 road vehicles of various kinds.

The problem Mr. Bailey had to solve was how to pull down his immense canvas village, and transport all the materials of which it is built, together with the menagerie, circus appliances, elephants, camels, led stock, and horses from one town to another, possibly fifty miles apart, between one day and the next, yet be able to continue the last circus performance at the first town up to ten o'clock at night, and re-pitch

show from one town to another, sixty-one railroad cars have been specially constructed in this country. These are built on the American principle: each car is 54 feet long, 8 feet wide, and runs on two four-wheeled bogie trucks with low wheels. The sleeping cars are painted red, all the others a bright yellow. In bold letters every car is labelled "Barnum & Bailey's Greatest Show on Earth." The cars are all fitted with the American automatic combined couplings and buffers — except eight, which have the American couplings at one end, and English coupling at the



DETRAINING ROAD VAN

other. By placing one of these eight cars in front, and one at the rear of each train, English engines and brake vans

can be readily attached. The sleeping cars have a narrow passage through the middle, with berths on either side from



UNLOADING ROAD VAN FROM THE RAILWAY TRAIN

floor to roof: when three additional cars, now building, are provided, there will be sleeping accommodation for five hundred men. A new car is being specially fitted up for the use of Mr. Bailey and his family, which will contain a sitting-room, dining-room, bed-room, bath-room, servants' bed-room, kitchen, office, and an observation platform outside. The cars are formed into four separate trains as follows:—

NO. 1 TRAIN.

- 1 Midland third class brake carriage.
- 3 elephant cars.
- 12 flat cars.
- 1 led stock car.
- 1 Midland passenger brake van.

NO. 2 TRAIN.

- 1 Midland third class brake carriage.
- 1 pony car.
- 5 ring stock cars.
- 3 baggage stock cars.
- 7 flat cars.
- 1 Midland passenger brake van.

NO. 3 TRAIN.

- 1 Midland third class brake carriage.
- 8 stock cars.
- 6 flat cars.

3 sleeping cars.

1 Midland passenger brake van.

NO. 4 TRAIN.

1 Midland third class brake carriage.

1 camel car.

1 trunk car.

10 flat cars.

1 Midland passenger brake van.

On Wednesday, June 8, 1898, the four days' visit of the Greatest Show to Leicester concluded, and it was advertised to be at Nottingham on the following day. The last performance at Leicester finished at 10 p.m.; between 7,000 and 8,000 people attended. When the band struck up "God Save the Queen," they poured out of the circus, astonished to find that the numerous tents passed on their way into the entertainment, had vanished, not a vestige remained. In fifteen minutes the menagerie had been dismantled, and teams of horses had been hitched on to the cages of animals and to the van-loads of materials, which were taken to the Midland Railway goods yard to be embarked on the first train due to leave Leicester at 11 p.m. Long before the last of the visitors had left



WATER BUFFALO WAITING TO BE LOADED UP



UNLOADING CAMELS

the "big top" circus tent, hundreds of men were actively engaged pulling it to pieces, working in gangs with a "boss" over each. There was plenty of bustle and energy on all sides, but no confusion; every one had his own particular task allotted to him, and he knew how to go about it. The 3in. tent pegs, driven 4ft. into the ground, were drawn out with wonderful rapidity by the aid of the "stake-puller," an ingeniously-contrived portable lever, 12ft. long, the wheels of which form the fulcrum. The agility displayed in swarming up ropes, and pulling down the trapeze and netting depending from the roof would have excited the admiration of a man-of-war's man. The rows and rows of seats all round the circus were removed, and the canvas stripped off the sides of the tent and carried to the carts waiting outside. The intermediate poles supporting the roof having been knocked away, the ropes were unloosed, and the whole of the roof-canvas dropped to the ground in one immense sheet, the side-poles falling away at the same moment. Gangs of men promptly set to work to undo the lacings and divide the canvas into sections, which were methodically

rolled up and stowed away in the vans. The six masts left standing erect in the centre were all that remained of the "big top" tent; in a few minutes they too were lowered to the ground. Road-vans were constantly arriving on the scene, which, as fast as they could be loaded up with seats, poles, canvas, and other material, were galloped off to the railway, and between the show-ground and the railway there was one continuous stream of these vans with teams of two, four, six, or eight horses, according to the weight of the vehicle. An hour after midnight the last van had left the ground, all the elephants and camels had been marched off, and everything was cleared away; the Greatest Show on Earth left no trace behind except in the memory of those who had seen it.

At the Midland Railway goods yard an equally busy scene was being enacted. The four trains were drawn up in as many sidings in readiness to be loaded up. The low flat cars were marshalled together with sheet-iron plates to bridge over the gaps between them, and an inclined plane fixed at the rear end. In this manner a roadway was formed

on to the train and throughout its length. As the cages of wild animals and the road vans arrived, the horses which brought them from the ground were detached to give place to a pair of horses which dragged them one after another up the inclined plane towards the front end of the train until the whole train was loaded. These horses, hooked to the vehicles by a rope with whiffle-trees and crossbar, ran alongside the train, while two men guided the vehicles over the train by means of the carriage poles. About

they were loaded, were despatched to Nottingham; and being booked to run at a moderate speed, each arrived at its destination in due course about two hours and twenty minutes after starting. Attached to the third train were the sleeping-cars, which the workmen always occupy during their stay at the various towns and when travelling by night. The performers, freaks, and managers of the show travelled by special train made up of saloon carriages, which left Leicester at six o'clock in the



DETRAINING CAMELS

four ordinary road vehicles are loaded on each railroad car. The elephants, camels, alpacas, llamas, zebras, and other led stock, and all the horses, entered their box-vans through the doors at the side. The elephant cars hold four or five animals in each, and as the largest elephant weighs five and a-half tons, altogether they constitute a good load. The bulk of the horses embark on the third train, twenty horses in each car; they travel quite comfortably, supporting each other as they stand up, closely packed, side by side. The camels and dromedaries are very select, having a car all to themselves. The trains, as

morning, reaching Nottingham forty minutes later, by which time all the tents necessary for their personal comfort, including the canteen, had been pitched on the show-ground, in readiness for their reception.

When the great show was embarking at Birmingham on June 5th, a lively little scene took place in the Midland Railway yard at Lawley Street. One of the elephants broke away from his keeper, trumpeted, and bolted up the sidings with his tail cocked triumphantly. The small crowd of spectators who were present at that early hour did not take long to disperse; they



DETRAINING ELEPHANT

disappeared under the railway trucks and took shelter behind the engines. Old men were surprised to find how nimble they had suddenly become; but the keeper was not at all disconcerted; he calmly led off another



DETRAINING ELEPHANT

and bigger elephant in the direction of the runaway, and soon succeeded in bringing him back, chained to his big companion, looking thoroughly ashamed of himself.

Although the first and second trains reached Nottingham two or three hours earlier, the operation of unloading did not commence until the arrival of the third train, as the transport manager travelled by that train with his staff of workers. When he appeared at about four a.m., the horses were got out, and

Messrs. Barnum and Bailey's advance representatives had completed all their preliminary preparations. The town was profusely placarded with big posters, arrangements made with the police, the route the procession should take decided upon, and the show-ground selected. The latter, 20 acres in extent, was near the Trent Bridge. The position of each tent had been mapped out and as the vans came up, the contents were deposited just where they would be wanted. The canteen, with its portable



DETRAINING ELEPHANT

as fast as the cages of animals and road vans could be drawn off the trains, they were trotted off to the show-ground. The elephants and camels, well accustomed to travelling, quietly stepped out of their cars and were led away in the same direction, so that in a very short space of time the whole show was disembarked and the empty trains disposed of in out-of-the-way sidings, there to remain until the following Saturday, when they would be again called into requisition to convey the show to Sheffield.

Some days before the exhibition made its appearance in Nottingham,

cooking range, was the first tent to be put up; forty minutes afterwards, 50 waiters were busy serving a substantial breakfast to 300 or 400 men. All connected with the show have access to the tent; officials, workpeople, and artists share the same fare. No intoxicants are allowed, but tea, coffee, and milk can be had *ad libitum*. It would be difficult to find anywhere such a motley crew messing together. Show-managers, jockeys, clowns, contortionists, aerialists, freaks, dervishes, giants and dwarfs are there: all nations are represented. One sees a Cuban and a Spaniard sitting amicably together



MASTS OF THE BIG TOP TENT IN READINESS TO BE LIFTED UP

sharing American hospitality. The gentleman whom we supposed to subsist entirely on needles, is enjoying a mutton chop; the sword swallower finds something more palatable than cold steel; the "fire king" quenches his thirst with iced water.

While the creature comforts are thus provided for the human beings connected with the show, the animals are not neglected. Every day 6 tons of hay, 160 bushels of oats, 700 lbs. of bran, and 340 lbs. of beef are consumed by them, all of the best quality that can be procured.

To the uninitiated, the erection of the "big top" circus tent, which seats 15,000 spectators, would appear a formidable undertaking; but under the skilful treatment of trained experts, it becomes quite a simple matter. The tall masts which run down the middle of the tent are first laid on the ground with their feet where they are intended to stand; the foot of the mast, instead of being let into the ground, rests upon a short crossbar; a few stakes are driven at one side to prevent the foot from slipping backwards; and then, at a given signal,

20 or 30 men seize hold of the top end of the mast and lift it, while 60 others pull away at a rope from the opposite side and raise the mast erect in its place, securing it by guy-ropes. The whole of the six central masts are put up in this way in a quarter of an hour. Between the masts are stout ropes forming the ridge of the tent. The roof canvas is all spread out and laced together as it lies on the ground, and then the whole of it is hauled up to the top of the masts by ropes running through pulley blocks. The 320 side poles (13 feet high) are next fixed, the curtains hung all round the tent, and the intermediate poles, which help to support the roof canvas, are pulled into position by teams of horses. The tent itself may then be said to be complete, and the men turn their attention to the interior arrangements. They erect the seats, form the circus rings, harrow the hippodrome track to make it level for the racing, and rig up the high stages, trapeze, and rope gearing, for the acrobats. Meanwhile, gangs of men have been actively engaged in fixing the wooden tent-pegs, about 1,200 of

which, 5 feet long and 3 inches in diameter, are required to secure the ropes of the "big top" tent alone. Eight men, working together in a gang, drive the pegs four feet into the ground with heavy sledge-hammers, each man striking in turn.

In placing wheeled cages in the positions they have to occupy in the Menagerie, the elephants are turned to useful account; with the greatest ease they push the heavy vehicles along with their heads and leave them just where they are required to stand.

Punctuality characterises all Messrs. Barnum and Bailey's proceedings; so at nine o'clock precisely, the circus parade files out of the show-ground headed by a military band in a coach drawn by forty magnificent bays, four abreast. One man drives this wonderful team, holding ten pairs of reins in his hands. Cages of lions, tigers, rhinoceroses, Polar bears, hippopotami, seals, gorillas, and other rare specimens of the animal creation, richly dressed horsemen and horsewomen riding in couples on prancing steeds, Roman chariots, more musicians

in gilded cars, a caravan of camels with Soudanese drivers, a troupe of Asiatic elephants, some with houdahs containing Oriental beauties, a series of models representing nursery tales drawn by pretty little ponies, a grand spectacle representing the return of Columbus after the discovery of America, and his reception in Barcelona by Ferdinand and Isabella, all follow each other in one long procession through the streets of the town, taking twenty minutes to pass any given point.

The amazing feats of the acrobats and equestrians, the humours of the clowns, and the peculiarities of the freaks, astonish and delight the thousands who witness them day after day; but what strikes one as being the most extraordinary, is the enormous proportions and the diversity of the entertainment, and the truly marvellous celerity with which the monster show is dismantled, transported, and erected. It is a high-sounding title, but there appears to be no exaggeration in Messrs. Barnum and Bailey's proud boast that theirs is "The Greatest Show on Earth."



DRIVING THE LAST PEG.

Theatrical Make-up

BY GERTRUDE WARDEN (MRS. WILTON JONES)



HERE is no excuse for a bad make-up." So runs the legend to be read weekly in the advertising columns of a leading theatrical newspaper. Yet bad make-ups abound both on and off the stage. Despite precepts and awful examples, it seems that women will not learn certain simple truths: as, for instance, that theatrical rouge "No. 18" should *not* be used in the open air by daylight; that the eyebrows should *never* be made more than a shade or two darker than the natural hair of the head at its darkest; that bright red lip-salve makes the teeth look abominably yellow unless they happen to be exceptionally white; that none but the blondest of blondes should ever wear dead-white powder; that liquid make-up of any kind should *never* be used by daylight, (and as sparingly as possible by night); that hair, if dyed at all, should be constantly watched lest the roots "bewray one," and, last and most important of all, that the lower eyelid should *not* under any circumstances be darkened!

This last may sound to the uninitiated an astonishing admonition. To the absolute beginner on the stage the following sketch (Fig. 1) realises the ideal of lime-light loveliness. A well-smeared under-eyelid makes any woman look either disreputable or extremely ill, and usually both, and deprives the face of all expression. If, on the other hand, the *upper* eyelid be darkened (as in Fig. 2) and not with *black* but *blue* shading, and the *eyelashes* alone blackened, the black being carefully cleared away from the *lower* eyelid, an infinitely better effect will be produced, and increased expression (particularly of the languorous, Eastern order) be given to the eye.

Blue or grey eyes are more effec-

tive on the stage than very dark ones. A pair of blue eyes, delicately shaded on the upper lids, with the eyelashes carefully blackened and afterwards combed out, "get over the foot-lights" in a remarkable way; whereas large and naturally handsome black eyes are apt (unless blue or black make-up be practically eschewed and the complexion be most carefully toned) to look, in stage parlance, like "burnt holes in a blanket."

Undoubtedly fair skins, light hair, and light eyes are far better materials with which to produce stage beauty and effectiveness than brunette attractions. Very dark hair is apt to look like a wig "from the front," and a dark fringe, as long as set fringes held sway, was always a difficult thing to manipulate, as, once it became saturated with the grease and moisture of the face, it degenerated into coster "knockers." Then again, a dark woman's nose (especially if she be, as so many clever performers



FIGURE 1

are, of the tribe of Israel) continually stands in her light. If she makes it up with white powder, it shines as a pillar of salt, if she tones it down to suit the black eyes and hair, it is apt to look red and hilarious. Doubtless this fact partly accounts for the great run on peroxide of hydrogen, which has reached such a point on the stage that one gratefully welcomed Mrs. Patrick Campbell's dark head in Adelphi melodrama as likely to bring in a return to a tint less aggressive than that "motor-car yellow" dear to the ordinary chorus girl. Very few dark-haired actresses have, however, the courage to remain so. At least a dozen leading actresses have exchanged their dark tresses for gold during the past few years, and the results are in all cases successful and becoming, at least, by theatrical light. Many old playgoers, however, lament the fact that Lilian Adelaide Neilson "spoiled herself" when, with her naturally thick black eyebrows, she adopted golden hair, and, as it were, threw her entire face "out of tone"; and the late Sophie Eyre, always beautiful, was far more so, to my mind, in her early Torquay days, with her blue-black hair and thin, "intense" face, than during her later yellow-haired London career.

Ladies of the chorus in travelling comic operas are, alas! as a rule, deplorably careless in their use of golden-hair dyes, and a side view of their heads (as in Fig. 3) upon which the lustreless brown at the roots becomes merged with startling suddenness into vivid yellow at the ends, recalls nothing so much as a cocoanut-shell dressed with endive!

Another form of theatrical make-up, popular, but extremely difficult to manipulate with discretion, is the dark line at the outer edge of the eyelid, which is supposed to give length to the eye and to suggest a sweeping eyelash. Far too often, however (as in Fig. 4), eyes which would naturally be pretty and expressive are lengthened and narrowed in effect by this means until their charm is wholly destroyed; and not long ago I was worried during the entire performance of a farce by the make-up of the lady who played the heroine, and who, with cream-coloured hair and a strawberry ice complexion,



FIGURE 2

had adorned the outer edges of her blue eyes with what appeared at a distance to be realistic representations of the domestic blackbeetle!

A regular revolution has been effected in the dressing room by the now almost universal use of "wig-paste," or "grease-paint." Certain old school provincial actors and actresses still resent the substitution of grease-paints for the dry powdery make-ups of former years. A few old-time actors whom I have met in country theatres prided themselves upon their use of "dry colours"; but there is very little doubt that, if sparingly applied (upon an absolutely clean face, *bien entendu*) and carefully powdered over, there is nothing which produces so smooth and natural-looking a surface as grease-paint, nor is there anything I know of so little injurious to the skin.

A few years ago, while playing in a stock season in Southampton, I arrived late at the theatre, and, darting through a dark archway which had always been open, broke the bridge of my nose and cut my skin very severely against a closed door.

As the youngest woman in a company playing the "Lady of Lyons," I was, of course, cast for the Widow Melnotte: there was nobody to take my part, so I had to go on. Somebody dressed me,



FIGURE 3

somebody "made me up," while I screamed and cried with pain. Until that night I had looked preposterously young as the mother of a Claud at least fifteen years my senior. But that night, after the first cottage scene, the manager came round to compliment me on my "improved make-up" my features being so swollen that all trace of youth was lost—and upon my "natural and pathetic acting," his admiration being particularly excited by the howl of maternal tenderness which escaped me when my son kissed me on the bridge of my broken nose!

But to return to grease-paint. After my accident I was afraid of injuring the broken skin, and had the grease-paint analysed by a local chemist, with the result that he assured me it was "almost all tallow," and would rather tend to heal than to poison a cut in the skin.

Of course grease-paint, like every other form of make-up, can be overdone. In a passionate love scene the well-greased cheek of the lovely heroine has been known to stick to the equally well-greased cheek of her ardent (stage) lover; but then a desirable make-up for a realistic love scene has yet to be invented. The public, who are so exceedingly inquisitive on the subject of an emotional actress's feelings towards the actor with whom she habitually plays love scenes, might judge more clearly of their nature could they hear her in her dressing-room bewail the disastrous effects of such a stage direction as "*takes her in his arms and embraces her passionately*" upon the heroine's make-up.

"Look at my cheek! I shall have to make it up all over again! What in the world does he want to blacken his moustaches for? And that horrid red-brown he wears on his face is smeared all over my chin! And then he complains that my eyelashes come off like flies' legs all over his make-up! I do hate a leading man who can't play a love scene without spoiling one's complexion!"

On his side, the gentleman in question has another and more serious reason for complaint, and occasionally for bad language, when alone with his dresser. A love scene in evening dress is fatal to coat-sleeves and a godsend to tailors, for the liquid make-up used by all actresses on their hands and arms deals havoc with the actors' dress clothes. It comes off in smears which no benzoin will obliterate. As actors provide their own modern dress, it must be a serious thing to some who do not make great demands on the salary list when a new dress-coat is ruined the first time it is worn by the too literal illustration on the part of an



FIGURE 4

actress of some such stage direction as the following:

"Seizes his arm between both her hands, then clasps them suddenly round his neck and hides her face upon his breast."

I subjoin a rough sketch (Figs. 5 and 6), to show the disastrous results of a

love scene realistically played upon the beauty of the performers.

The public little knows indeed, "*ce qu'il faut souffrir pour être belle!*" On hot nights making up is a misery, the paint rolling off in pellets, while the liquid make-up for the hands, neck and arms, to which I have alluded, is always inclined to turn black upon the skin, and invariably ruins the dress of the lady who wears it, as well as the coat-sleeves of the male performers. I have tried all sorts of different prescriptions, cheap and dear, but I have never yet discovered one that was really satisfactory. No amount of washing ever keeps the skin really clean while these make-ups are in use; black smears appear by day about the nails, between the fingers, and around the throat; the villainous stuff is soap-and-water-proof, and I always welcome a part in which I can wear gloves and so keep my hands clean during the run of a piece. I have even, with a meanness which I am ashamed to own, done without neck and arms make-up altogether in cases where I have had to

provide my dresses at my own expense, and contented myself with less dazzlingly white arms than my colleagues for the sake of keeping my frocks clean during the run. When, however, the management provided the costumes I have smeared myself (and my gowns) as gaily as the rest.

Masculine make-up is, if my sex will forgive me for saying so, an infinitely more elaborate and artistic thing than the pink and white and black and yellow ideal of beauty which most actresses strive to attain. What woman ever could or would equal Mr. Beerbohm Tree, for instance, in the versatility, the absolute perfection of his different stage appearances? Mr. Tree is young or old, handsome or ugly, stout or thin,

virtuous or absolutely diabolical in appearance at will. I have never seen any actor who can transform himself so thoroughly and yet look at a short distance so lifelike as he. How he contrives it I have not the least idea; in interviews he appears to make light of this very remarkable gift. He has light eyes and light hair in his favour to start with, but his results are marvellous.

Certain careful character-actors go about the world perpetually on the look-out for "good make-ups" in the streets, in trains and omnibuses, everywhere in fact, taking mental notes of

curious and typical personalities, and in many instances making rough sketches of any such they may meet from memory, so that, when called upon to impersonate a fresh character, they can turn to their collection for a country clergyman, a book-maker, a hawker, a grocer, or a pick-pocket, as the case may be. The make-up box of a clever character-actor is usually a messy-looking concern, and a vast amount of mixing is necessary to produce the required



FIGURE 5

tones and tints, to differentiate between the aged and aristocratic father who dies of heart disease in the first act, and the chronic inebriate who supplies so much of the humour of popular melodrama.

Mr. Cyril Maude, who is extraordinarily clever in elderly make-ups, used to show with pride upon the glass door of his dressing-room at the Comedy Theatre pictures done entirely in grease-paints of various characters in a play which was being performed there, and, undoubtedly a knowledge of painting is of great use to an actor and assists him in the production of a good make-up.

Amateurs always make up badly: they fail to "join their flats," i.e., to

blend the complexion of the face into the whitened neck: if men, they wear moustaches in powder parts and invariably fail to conceal their own hair at the back of their wigs; if women, they over-rouge, bringing the colour right up to the lower eyelids instead of toning it off, as colour comes in real life; they also make the very great mistake of putting on too much paint and powder about the mouth, which should be left as free as possible, for two reasons: first, because paint is apt to turn black upon the upper lip; and second, because it is impossible to express emotion facially unless the muscles of the mouth have full play.

After Mme. Duse's first appearances in London, a good many of our actresses tried to imitate her by discarding make-ups altogether; but no skin, however brilliant, can stand the unnatural glare of the foot-lights and look anything but pallid, dirty, and unwholesome, and it is always a marvel

to me that, in these days of artistic mounting and setting, those villainous foot-lights, which distort nature and caricature beauty, cannot be done away with altogether.

The loveliest woman in evening dress, once she closely approaches those fatal foot-lights, becomes (unless she be abnormally stout) little better than a study in collar-bones; no natural beauty and no make-up, however artistic, is proof against them. They are, moreover, terribly injurious to the eyesight, and in cases where an actor or actress has to sit or stand for any length of time in close proximity to them throughout a lengthened run, they seldom fail to produce serious pain and injury to the sight. Only an actor-manager has the right to absolutely monopolise a position in the middle of the

stage and close to the "back-cloth;" but upon all and sundry I would impress the dictum: "Keep away from the foot-lights!"



FIGURE 6




COLONEL LANGDALE'S WIFE



A STORY OF THE INDIAN PLAGUE

WRITTEN BY MAJOR HAMYLTON FAIRLEIGH. ILLUSTRATED BY DUAMOT

“ MAN married is a man marred” was the favourite axiom of Colonel Langdale, who, glorying in his reputation of being a confirmed woman-hater, made no secret of his prejudice against the fair sex, and openly avowed his contempt for all men who suffered themselves to be swayed by female influence.

Yet George Langdale had not always entertained such views. There had been a time when he was not insensible to the fascination of tender glances from beautiful eyes, when the sound of a soft, pleading voice could send a thrill to his heart. In the early seventies, when his figure was slim and upright, and his head covered with a thatch of thick, curly hair, when he possessed a neat, graceful seat on horseback, and was esteemed one of the best dancers in the station, he had won the heart of pretty Rosie Brayton, daughter of the General commanding at Haizapore. Rosie had promised to marry the handsome young officer, and their engagement had been announced, when Langdale's cup of happiness was dashed

cruelly from his lips ere he had time to taste its sweetness. A few weeks before the date fixed for the wedding, there arrived at Haizapore a certain Captain of Hussars, son of a wealthy Manchester cotton-spinner, who, regardless of the fact that Rosie was Langdale's affianced wife, commenced to pay assiduous court to her, and succeeded eventually in inducing her to jilt the penniless Native Infantry subaltern.

Langdale took the blow deeply to heart. From that time he became a changed man, eschewed women's society, and led the life of a recluse. Shortly after his arrival in India, a Brahmin fortune-teller had cast his horoscope, and certain words of the old soothsayer, little heeded at the time they were spoken, recurred to him later with bitter significance. “Beware of women, Sahib,” had said the Brahmin, “for they will bring you only bad luck.”

As time rolled by, Langdale's dislike and distrust of women increased; he judged them all by the standard of the one who had wronged him, and after the lapse of twenty years few would

have recognised in the soured, cynical misogynist, with no thoughts or interest beyond the dull routine of his professional duties, the once gay, light-hearted subaltern, a great favourite with the ladies, ever ready to take a leading part in all pastimes and amusements.

Colonel Langdale, on being appointed Commandant of the 71st Native Infantry, resolved to weed out all the married officers serving with that corps. To this end, he made the lives of the benedicts extremely irksome and unpleasant, as a Colonel of a Native Infantry Regiment knows well how to do. He gave them all kinds of disagreeable duties to perform, sent them on detachment to unhealthy stations, ordered them to attend unnecessary classes of instruction with the sole object of annoying them and putting them to expense, abused them on parade and off parade, exerted himself with fiendish ingenuity to belittle them in the eyes of the native soldiers; in short, rendered their existence a hell upon earth. The unfortunate victims of this systematic persecution, recognising the hopelessness of their position, one and all applied to be transferred to other regiments.

The result of this wholesale clearance was that the bachelor officers received unexpected promotion. Of these none benefited more than Captain Tarver, who, at fifteen years' service, found himself suddenly gazetted second in command of the corps, and promoted to the rank of major. Tarver, who had served most of his time in another presidency, had only lately exchanged into the 71st Native Infantry. He was a reserved, taciturn man, extremely reticent regarding his private affairs and past history, and it was generally believed that there was some mystery attaching to his life. He had gained the goodwill of the Colonel by professing to share his aversion for women. Whether or not Tarver was so indifferent to female charms as he pretended to be, certain it was that he studiously avoided all social functions, and passed his leisure time in solitary walks or rides.

In due course the 71st Native In-

fantry were ordered to Haizapore, the principal military station of the presidency, whereupon Colonel Langdale, perhaps on account of the painful memories associated in his mind with that place, took a year's furlough to England. It was generally understood that the Colonel would apply for an extension of leave, and would remain in England until the regiment's term of service at Haizapore should have expired; but he had not been home more than nine months when he wrote to Tarver informing him that he was about to be married, and that after a short honeymoon on the Continent, he should bring his bride out to India with him. "You will think me inconsistent," he explained, "but circumstances alter cases; and when you know Gwendoline you will, I am sure, admit that I have acted wisely," and so on to the end of four closely-written pages.

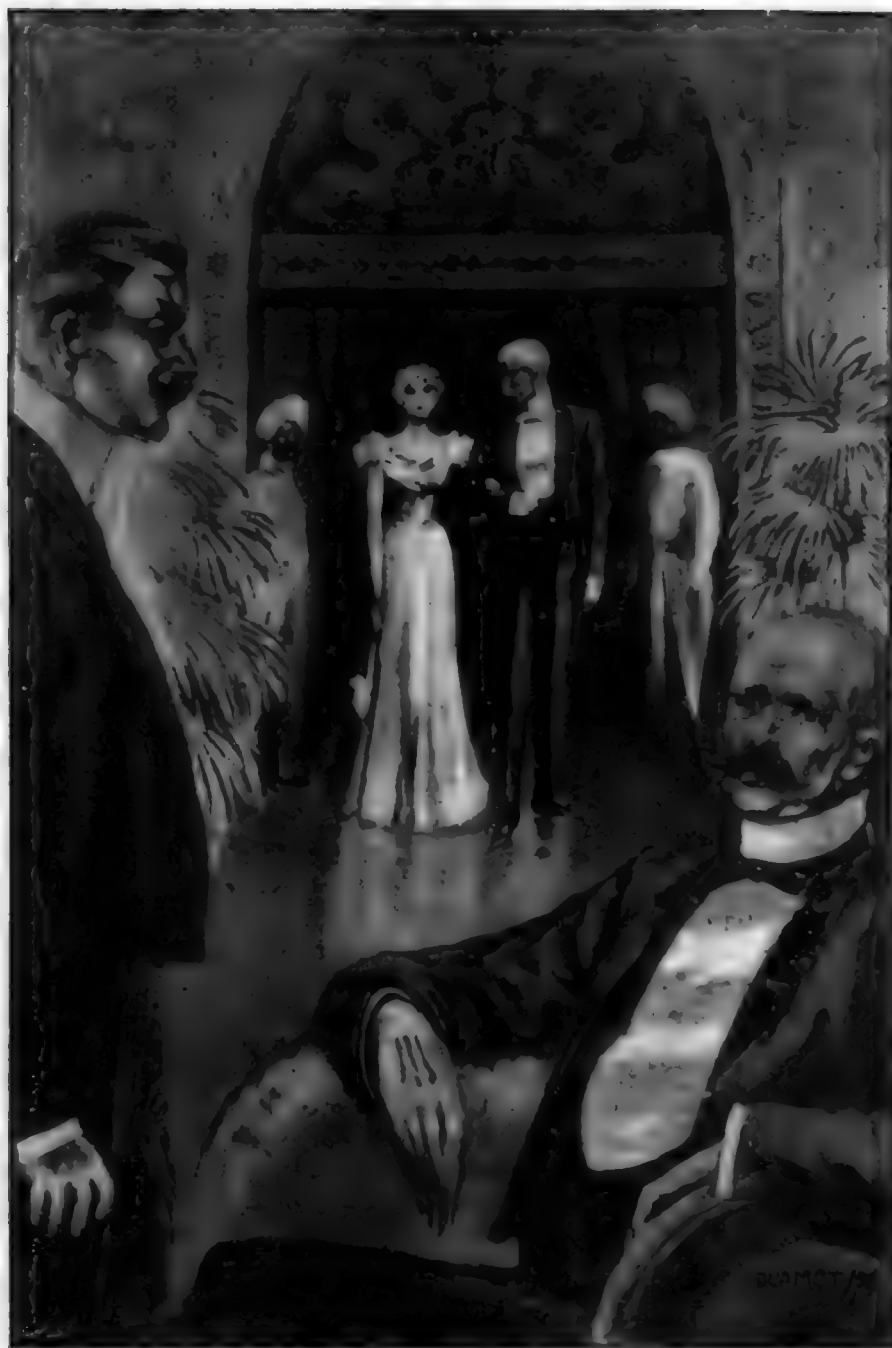
"Bah! there's no fool like an old fool!" exclaimed Tarver, savagely tearing the letter to pieces. "I should have thought that Langdale's first experience ought to have proved sufficient to deter him from entering the toils again. Well, it's no affair of mine. He must just dree his own weird. Strange, though, that the name should be the same! Gwendoline what? He has not told me what her surname is."

When the Langdales arrived at Haizapore, Tarver was absent on leave. On the evening of his return, he was told by his brother-officers at mess that there was to be a ball that night at the Gymkhana Club, at which the Colonel and Mrs. Langdale were to be present. Curious to see this female paragon of whom the Colonel had written in such enthusiastic terms, he determined to go to the ball. An hour later he was standing among a group of officers in the verandah of the Gymkhana Club, when one of his companions remarked:

"Mrs. Langdale has just arrived. Such a pretty woman, by Jove! No wonder the Colonel has changed his views upon matrimony."

Tarver stationed himself at one of the doorways of the ball-room, and began to watch the dancers with idle interest.

"That's Mrs. Langdale! Isn't she a



"WHAT TARVER SAW WAS A TALL WOMAN IN AN EXQUISITE WHITE DRESS"

ripper?" said Wilkinson of the 71st, drawing his attention to a lady who, leaning on her partner's arm, was entering the room from the opposite doorway.

What Tarver saw was a tall woman in an exquisite white and silver dress, who carried herself with queenly dignity. He turned pale to the lips, while he riveted his eyes in a searching, intense scrutiny on Mrs. Langdale's

face, which seemed strangely familiar to him.

"I cannot be mistaken," he muttered under his breath. "There's not another woman like that in the whole world. Gwendoline—of course it is she! But how on earth . . ."

He went to the refreshment bar, swallowed a glass of brandy neat, and then sat down to collect his thoughts.

The sight of Mrs. Langdale had

stirred in his breast a chord of strange memories. His thoughts went back to a summer, fifteen years ago, spent at an obscure watering-place in the South of England, whither he had been sent by his medical adviser to recruit his health, shattered by two years' campaigning in Afghanistan. There he had met Gwendoline Fyers (so she styled herself), the orphan daughter of an army surgeon, who was earning a miserable livelihood as a daily governess. How well he recollected the trivial chance that led to their acquaintanceship! Her hat had blown into the sea; he had recovered it for her at the cost of a wetting. After that he had met her frequently, on the pier, on the sands, at the band-stand; and she had allowed him to accompany her on long walks over the breezy downs. Their friendship had ripened, on his side at least, into a deep and lasting attachment. How beautiful she was! The oval face, with the delicate, regular features, the ivory complexion, the glorious brown eyes full of latent fire, the small head covered with masses of thick chestnut hair, the *svelte*, lissom figure, with subtle grace in every movement—how every detail dwelt in his memory! How he had marvelled what strange perversity of fate could have condemned this queen among women to such a sordid lot. How he had resolved—should she deem him worthy of her love—to fight the battle of life for her, to save her from care and trouble, to enshrine her in his heart, to—he trembled at the audacity of the thought—ask her to marry him.

She had told him she loved him, had promised to be his wife—when, on the eve of their wedding, he had received an anonymous letter informing him that the woman on whose truth and purity he would have staked his life had been deceiving him, that she was not what she seemed, that she was already married to another man. He would not believe this vile thing, this wicked fabrication; he would take the letter at once to Gwendoline, and hear from her own lips that it was a calumny. Alas! Gwendoline had been unable to refute the cruel allegation. She had fallen, weeping, at her lover's feet, imploring him to forgive her for the wrong she

had done him, and had told him the miserable story of her life; how, when a girl of fifteen at a boarding-school in London, she had made a runaway marriage with the singing-master, Signor Ardalossi; how her family had disowned her in consequence; and how her husband, a tyrant and drunkard, after a vain attempt to extort money from her friends, had ill-treated her and finally deserted her. It was many years, she said, since she had heard news of her husband, and she had believed him dead, she had been carried away by her love for Tarver, and had feared to imperil her chance of happiness in life by confessing the truth.

Thus they had parted, and now, after the lapse of fifteen years, Tarver was once more to meet the woman he had loved so devotedly, for whose sake he had never married, whose memory was still fresh in his heart. How would she receive him? She must know, of course, that he was in her husband's regiment. Had she retained any of her old feeling for him? How much of her history had she confided to her husband?

Tarver was given no time for further reflection, for at that moment he saw Colonel and Mrs. Langdale approaching.

"You and Tarver are old acquaintances, Gwendoline," said the Colonel, "so don't need a formal introduction."

"I had the pleasure of meeting Major Tarver many years ago," said Mrs. Langdale, with a slight tremor in her voice, proffering her hand; "but I expect he has forgotten me."

"I remember you perfectly, Mrs. Langdale," answered Tarver, quietly, striving to look unconcerned as their eyes met, though the touch of her hand sent a thrill through him, causing the blood to course like wildfire through his veins.

Colonel Langdale was very proud of his beautiful wife, and was much flattered by the admiration and attention so freely accorded to her. The Langdales soon became famous for their hospitality, and Tarver, who was a frequent guest at the house, found himself thrown constantly into Mrs. Langdale's society. Mrs. Langdale told Tarver that her first husband, Signor

Ardalossi, had died ten years ago, and that until she met Colonel Langdale she had continued to work as a governess.

Conscious that, in talking of the past, they were treading on dangerous ground, they mutually forbore from making any further allusion to their former intimacy. Mrs. Langdale kept her feelings under admirable control, and Tarver little suspected that this woman with the calm, grave countenance and studiously conventional manner, adored him with a wild, unreasoning love, exceeding in intensity his own; that deep down in her heart there smouldered a volcano of pent-up passion, in momentary peril of kindling into a blaze that nothing could extinguish. One word, one look, might have changed the current of their two lives. But Tarver kept his secret locked up within his breast; he would have deemed it sacrilegious and dishonourable to speak of love to his friend's wife.

* * * *

The terrible Indian plague had found its way to Haizapore at last. All efforts to arrest its progress had proved inefficacious. In the Native City and surrounding villages, men, women, and children were dying like flies. The roll of victims was daily on the increase. Custom makes us familiar with and indifferent to danger, and the pestilence had come to be regarded as a matter of course—an unpleasant but necessary means of reducing the surplus population. The natives alone fell victims to it; the white men seemed, by a merciful dispensation of Providence, to be exempted from contagion. There was, consequently, no cessation of the usual round of gaieties at Haizapore. The cantonment roads were thronged daily with funeral processions on their way to the burning-grounds, but the bands at the Gymkhana and the public gardens played none the less cheerily, though the wail of Hindoo mourners rang loud in the air.

In the Native City, where infection passed rapidly from house to house, whole streets were being depopulated by the pestilence. Many of the inhabitants had fled, carrying death and de-

struction far and wide into the country; others, strong in their fatalistic creed, clung to their homes and refused to budge, comforting themselves with the philosophical reflection that a man can but die once, and that there is no escaping the hand of fate. It became clear to the authorities that unless strong repressive measures were adopted, every house in the city would become impregnated with the germs of disease, and form a death-trap for all future inmates.

The troops in garrison were detailed in turn for "plague duty," their work consisting in examining every house, and removing to the Segregation Hospital any inmate found suffering from the prevailing malady. When the turn of the 71st Native Infantry came, Major Tarver was ordered to superintend the unpleasant work of examining suspected sufferers, and removing from the houses and burning the clothes and effects of plague patients.

Tarver worked heroically at his uncongenial task, encouraging his men by his example. He was quite reckless of his life, and would fearlessly enter houses known to be infected, and carry poor plague-stricken wretches out in his own arms. One morning, while riding to the city, he was seized with a sudden faintness, but, throwing it off by sheer force of will, he applied himself to his work with his usual indefatigable zeal. On returning home in the evening, he had no sooner entered his bungalow than his head began to swim, his limbs to tremble; a deadly feeling of nausea crept over him; an indescribable numbing sensation pervaded his whole frame, stupefying and maddening him.

"A whisky and soda, quick!" he shouted to his servant, at the same time throwing himself down on his bed.

The man, returning, saw his master writhing in agony, swinging his arms wildly about, the light of madness in his eyes, his lips bubbling with green foam. He dropped the tray in abject fright, gasped "Mahamari,"* and ran to summon the regimental surgeon.

Dr. Mason, stripping off Tarver's

* The plague

shirt, discovered a blue, livid lump under his left arm. There could be no doubt about it; it was the sign of the plague.

"It's a bad business, I fear," said the doctor to Wilkinson of the 71st, whom he met outside the house. "If I had been called in twelve hours earlier, I might have saved his life, but now the disease has developed so far that I fear there is little chance of his recovery."

The next morning Colonel Langdale, stopping on his way back from parade at Tarver's bungalow, to enquire after the patient, was surprised to see his wife's pony-trap standing at the door. A greater surprise was in store for him, for, on silently entering the sick-room, he saw his wife kneeling, with her back towards him, at the bedside, clasping one of the sick man's hands in both her own, and heard her say, in heart-rending tones, as she covered it with kisses:

"Speak to me, Hubert, my darling—just one word. Tell me that you have forgiven me. You shall not die, dearest. They shall not take you from me again. Oh, Hubert, if you only knew how much I love you! My marriage has been a mockery and a farce. I only married for the sake of a home. Had it been you, dear, how happy my life would have been! Oh, why did I not tell you I was free? Speak, Hubert! it is you only I love. For your dear sake I would—I—"

But the cold lips of the dying man gave back no answer to her passionate appeal; her look of love found no responsive glance from the swiftly glazing eye.

The death-rattle was sounding in the dying man's throat, when, with an access of passion, almost savage in its intensity, Gwendoline Langdale threw her arms round her lover's neck, and strained him fiercely to her bosom in a last, long, lingering embrace.

"Let me die with you," she murmured, pressing her lips to his. "I am very, very weary of my life."

The unwilling spectator of the scene had stood motionless, tongue-tied and fascinated. He turned on his heel, and silently left the room.

"She told me she loved me," he muttered, "and I was fool enough to believe her. I am rightly served for my credulity. The Brahmin was a true prophet."



"LET ME DIE WITH YOU; I AM VERY, VERY TIRED OF MY LIFE"

The Palace Beautiful

WRITTEN BY JAMES CASSIDY. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



THE Great Exhibition of 1851 over, what was to be done with the Exhibition Buildings? The question exercised the minds of large numbers of her Majesty's subjects, and offered a stern conundrum to Messrs. Fox & Henderson, the builders and contractors. The first quarter-day of 1852 heard the Home Secretary's announcement that the Government had determined not to interfere in any way with the building; what then was to be done with it?

Amongst those who considered the question, was Mr. Leech, a partner in a well known firm of solicitors.

"It would be ten thousand pities," he thought, "to permit the destruction of the building; why not secure some appropriate spot, and there re-construct the edifice. A private company could assuredly be organised to carry out this plan." Mr. Leech mentioned the idea to his partner, Mr. Farquhar, who was delighted with it, and promised cordial co-operation. Soon a little band of business men set upon finding and securing a site for the new Palace, which was the outcome of Mr. Leech's enthusiasm to save to the people the Exhibition Buildings, then in Hyde Park.

The site was selected on the Brighton line, at a convenient distance from the Metropolis, and in the heart of the most enchanting scenery. There was no time wasted, all was most expeditiously done, The Managing Director of the London

and Brighton line was as eager as any one of the enterprising band to see Mr. Leech's plan carried out. To facilitate the conveyance of passengers—a consideration of supreme importance—the Brighton Railway Company undertook to lay down a new line of rails between London and Sydenham, to construct a branch from the Sydenham Station to the Crystal Palace Garden, and to build a number of engines sufficiently powerful to draw heavy trains up the steep incline to the Palace.

It was on the 24th May, 1852, that the purchase money was paid, and a few English gentlemen became the owners of the Crystal Palace, the Exhibition Buildings of 1851. It is just as well that the names of these original proprietors should here be given. They are appended in alphabetical order:—

1. Mr. T. N. Farquhar.
2. Mr. Francis Fuller.
3. Mr. Robert Gill.
4. Mr. Harman Grisewood.
5. Mr. Samuel Laing.
6. Mr. Joseph Leech.
7. Mr. J. C. Morice.
8. Mr. Scott Russell.
9. Mr. Leo Schuster.

Nine in all.

In a very interesting old book, kindly placed at our disposal by the present Crystal Palace Management, we read of the high aspirations of the original company. "They decided," writes the author, Samuel Phillips, "that the building—the first wonderful example of a new style of architecture—should rise again greatly enhanced in grandeur and beauty; that it should form a Palace

for the multitude, where, at all times protected from the inclement varieties of our climate, healthful exercise and wholesome recreation should be easily attainable. To raise the enjoyments and amusements of the English people, and especially to afford to the inhabitants of London, in wholesome country air, amidst the beauties of nature, the elevating treasures of art and the instructive marvels of science, an accessible and inexpensive substitute for the injurious and debasing amusements of a crowded metropolis; to blend for them instruction and pleasure, to educate them by the eye, to quicken and purify

started with half a million, in one hundred thousand shares of five pounds each. To the credit of the English people the shares were rapidly taken up, and the Directors felt ample encouragement to proceed with their big undertaking. "In the prospectus," writes Mr. Phillips, "it was proposed to transfer the building to Sydenham, in Kent, and the site chosen was an irregular parallelogram of three hundred acres (some of this land has been disposed of) extending from the Brighton Railway to the road which forms the boundary of the Dulwich Wood at the top of the hill (alas! the greater part of the Dulwich woods



THE PALACE BEFORE THE FIRE

From Photo by NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA

their taste by the habit of recognising the beautiful, to place them amidst the trees, flowers, and plants of all countries and of all climates, and to attract them to the study of the natural sciences, by displaying their most interesting examples, and making known all the achievements of modern industry, and the marvels of mechanical manufactures." Certainly the first promoters of the undertaking were guileless of small and unworthy intentions.

It is interesting to find that Sir Joseph Paxton, the inventive architect of the Great Building in Hyde Park, was requested to accept the office of Director of the Winter Garden, Park, and Conservatory. The enterprising Company

have long since been converted into streets), the fall from which to the railway is two hundred feet."

The best, in fact the only position, in all the grounds for the great glass building, was the summit of this hill. On the one side this position commands a beautiful view of the fine counties of Surrey and Kent, and on the other a prospect of the great Metropolis. It would be difficult, we had almost said impossible, to find a finer site so close to London, and so easy of access by means of railway.

In locating the site of the Crystal Palace we may say that the structure itself stands in the county of Surrey, immediately on the confines of Kent;

bordered on one side by Sydenham and on the other by Norwood and Anerley, whilst Penge lies at the foot of the hill, and Dulwich Wood at the top. The Crystal Palace Grounds are in three parishes and two counties. The original building was very much changed by the introduction of arched naves. Another storey was also added on the eastern side of the building. On the last Sunday in the year 1866 a fire broke out that destroyed over 150 feet of the north end of the building, or, as it was then called, the "tropical" end. The whole of the North Transept, which included the Byzantine Court and the Indian Art Gallery, were completely destroyed. Some idea may be formed of the extent of the fire by reference to the two illustrations showing the Crystal Palace as it appeared before the fire, and the Palace as it appears now.

"Ah!" exclaimed an eye-witness of the calamity to the writer, "that was a dreadful Sunday, the worst I ever knew. In the 'Tropical' end were rare and magnificent plants collected at great expense from all parts of the world. There were choice birds too, many fine parrots, and a number of monkeys. One poor creature, a chimpanzee, shrieked awfully; I shall never forget its piercing yells.

"On the Monday following it snowed hard, and lots of people came down from London to ravage about and take

away whatever they could lay hands on. At the time of the fire a huge screen separated the north end from the south, and a fancy fair was on at the time. A gigantic Christmas Tree, supplied by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and decked by the Palace Company, was in great danger of catching fire. In order to remove the danger it was necessary to destroy the tree, and ropes were attached to it and it was dragged away by horses. Fortunately the wind upon this fateful day was blowing from the south; had a north-east wind prevailed the entire Palace must have been destroyed."

The contents of the Palace are most varied. Art is worthily represented by Architecture and Sculpture. There exists a collection of specimens from the most remarkable edifices throughout the world, and these specimens present a grand architectural sequence; from the earliest dawn of the art of sculpture down to the latest times, casts of the most celebrated examples of the art have been procured. The question occurs, "How were all these artistic and valuable objects got together?" The original Palace Company commissioned certain qualified gentlemen to the Continent, and to these commissioners letters were granted from the British Government to the several ambassadors on their route. The object of the commissioners was to procure



PALACE AFTER THE FIRE

From Photo by NEGRETTE & ZAMBRA

examples of the principal works of art in Europe. Great courtesy and cordial co-operation met them in Paris, Germany, and Italy, also at Munich, but there were exceptions to the general courtesy at Rome, Padua, and Vienna.

The late Cardinal Wiseman was a great friend to the Company. Through his influence permission was obtained

and he spared no pains to secure an extensive and celebrated collection of palms and other plants, and was pre-eminently successful in his efforts. A large number of valuable plants, which it had taken a famous firm over a century to get together, were secured by Sir Joseph for the Palace.

It is impossible here to devote anything like adequate space to a considera-



FINE ART COURT—EGYPTIAN

From Photo by NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA

to take casts of most valuable works of art. The Company possesses casts of the Medici tombs, and these are almost of priceless value, being perfectly unique. South Kensington has endeavoured to obtain them, but the Palace authorities refuse to part with them, or to be tempted by any offers.

One of the most indefatigable members of the commission was Sir Joseph Paxton,

tion of the magnificent collection of antique and mediæval statues, the varied examples of architecture supplied by the cloisters, tombs, gateways, &c., of the Fine Arts Courts, and the growing specimens of tropical and other vegetable life, besides the numberless studies scattered over two hundred acres of charming grounds; we can only envy the four hundred students of the Palace

School of Art, Science, and Literature, their unrivalled advantages.

Our illustration affords a view of a section of the Egyptian Fine Arts Court. A student entering this Court may see much of great educational value and interest, and as the individual capacity to see extends, the ideas in design and detail will be understood and appreciated. What serious student visiting the Egyptian Court could fail to note the character of the architecture, its

there are numerous examples of this artistic representation. The flowers of the papyrus were specially used as offerings in the temples. On the frieze above the noble columns, the student of hieroglyphics may decipher for himself an inscription stating that in the seventeenth year of the reign of Victoria, the ruler of the waves, this Palace was erected and finished with a thousand statues, a thousand plants, &c., like as a book for the use of the men of all countries.



STUDENTS' SCHOOL OF ART

From Photo by NEGRETTI & ZAMBONI

simplicity of construction, gigantic proportions, and massive solidity? The Egyptian buildings, as history reveals, were almost entirely of stone. The examples of architecture confronting the student in this Court are not taken from any one ruin, but are illustrations of various styles, from the earliest to the latest, and the gradual development of art may be followed. The representation of the palm and papyrus occurs frequently in Egyptian architecture, and

1660 B.C. is the date of the earliest piece of architecture in the Crystal Palace. It is seen in the dark tomb of Beni Hassan. Of course it is only a copy, the original being cut in the solid chain of rocks that separates the sandy desert from the fertile valley on the east of the river Nile. An authority upon the subject says, "Although architectural remains exist in Egypt of a much earlier date than this tomb, it still possesses great value to us, for it

may be considered as exhibiting the first order of Egyptian columns which was employed in constructing buildings at as remote a period as two thousand years B.C. This fluted column in another respect claims our attention, for there can be but little doubt that it supplied the Greeks with their early Doric.

Allusion has been made to the Crystal Palace School of Art, which is doing unostentatious but invaluable work. It is not known to all visitors that at the north end of the Palace are extensive lecture and class rooms, studios and every convenience for comfort and study. By the kindness of Mr. Hodson, the Superintendent of the Educational and Literary Departments, we were permitted to spend a short time in the school, visiting the class-rooms, and inspecting the work of the artists.

Miss Annie G. Gibbon, of Girton College, a lady who passed an examination equivalent to that passed by men for a B.A. degree, with the addition of honours in science, superintends daily the studies of the young ladies entering the school. The students go through a comprehensive course, which is arranged to cover a good deal of steady work, embracing (a) the first stage of the antique, (b) advanced antique, (c) life school, (d) painting.

The order of procedure for pupils is this:—A pupil is required to commence with sketches, hands, heads, figures, and parts of figures, and many sketches are required, to be followed by finished drawings. From the finished drawings the student passes to the advanced antique, the work being carried on in the Courts, say that of the Classical Renaissance. Then an advance is made to Life Work, always a much more difficult study. Living models are in attendance every day, and only such as have mastered the art of sitting are engaged. And here we may remark that 'sitting as models' runs in families, curious art that it is. Whole families we could name are employed daily as models. They are, of course, adepts at sitting still, a task which the unpractised find very hard, so hard that, in spite of the most generous consideration on the part of the artists, fainting is no uncommon occurrence with such. The

Art Students are all, more or less, modellers, it being wisely considered that drawing and modelling should go hand in hand. The majority find the working up of the clay a most fascinating operation, and a large proportion of very creditable work is the result of theory and practice. In one light and airy room we saw several selections of beautiful and freshly cut flowers, with which it is the head-gardener's care and pride to supply the young artists. We give a photograph of a group of students in the Palace School of Art.

An encouragement to the progress of the School is the annual exhibition of students' work. This takes place generally at the end of July, and the exhibits are well worth seeing. To the enterprise of the artists is due the initiation of a Sketch Club carried on amongst themselves, and entirely free from professional direction and control. Every month a subject is given for design, lately it was "Pursuit"; the members are entirely at liberty to work it out as their originality and individuality may suggest. Examples, for instance, may be chosen from bird life, animal life, or human life. It is easy to recognise the incentive to the free play of originality afforded by this system. Perhaps one of the best guarantees of the efficiency of the School is the fact that since 1894 seven students have been admitted to the schools of the Royal Academy, a privilege coveted by all young artists. In December last the highest prize awarded by the Royal Academy, £40, for a design for the decoration of a public building, was carried off by Miss E. F. Brickdale. "I received," says the examiner in his report, "a pleasing letter from the young lady, in which she attributes to her art-instruction at the Crystal Palace almost everything she ever learned about design." Her instructor in design and composition was Mr. H. Bone. The School has a very kind friend in the talented artist Onslow Ford, Esq., R.A., who on the occasion of one of his casual visits stayed an hour to give a class a lesson in modelling. We should like to particularise the work of individual students, but it would be out of place here, and we pass on to the mention of the Palace School of Prac-



BICYCLE POLO

From Photo by NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA

tical Engineering, commonly known amongst the students as the "South Tower."

This school is what it claims to be—a thoroughly practical technical institution. In its lecture-hall, workshops, foundry, drawing office, &c., the instruction is imparted by practical engineers. At the expiration of each term the general examination is conducted by engineers of eminence not connected with the School. The School can show a valuable record of former students now professionally employed in all parts of the world. As the young men pass out of the South Tower, upon their recommendations, new comers pass in to fill the vacant places, and fully ninety per cent. of the engineering pupils come by the advice of those who are able to speak for themselves of the facilities offered to students of mechanical, civil, and electrical engineering.

From time to time instructive and interesting exhibitions have taken place in the Palace. One of the most popular of these was that of 1895, when an East African village and eighty natives of Somaliland, together with African animals, birds, and reptiles attracted many thousands of visitors.

A favourite game played before large audiences, and notably before his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on April 25th, upon the occasion of the opening of the International Photographic Ex-

hibition, is that of bicycle polo. This new and exciting game was first introduced into England at the Crystal Palace on August Bank Holiday by Captain W. H. Gorham, who brought a smart team of players from the United States for a two months' engagement; the enthusiasm evinced detained the team till mid-December, and a second appearance in the past Easter afforded another opportunity of witnessing the quick and dexterous manner in which these fearless riders shot the ball in every direction they chose with the front wheel of their machine, got mixed in a *mêlée*, mounted and dismounted, to avoid a seemingly unavoidable collision; manœuvred for position, darting here, there, and everywhere, now absolutely picking the ball up and throwing it high in the air, always playing the ball while riding, and never touching it except with their wheels, and while in the saddle with their feet on the pedals. All this cannot be described to do justice to their exquisite skill and grace. The illustration shows the team playing in the arena.

It goes without saying that one of the most brilliant attractions of the Palace is Brock's weekly pyrotechnic display costing £10 or more per minute. These Thursday evening displays are witnessed by a "sea of upturned faces stretching the whole length of the terraces, occupying every coign of vantage, every seat

on every gallery and uttering a prolonged 'Oh-h-h-h.'"

The variety entertainments, which are so distinct a feature of the Crystal Palace, affording, as they do, wholesome amusement to countless thousands, are in progress from January to December. The progressive popularity of the Palace on a "big day" is attested by the fact that on April 11th (Easter Monday), 84,494 people passed the turnstiles between morning and evening, the highest number on record on any single day with but one exception, while the programme for the occasion was the most comprehensive ever put before the public. All day the bands of her Majesty's Guards kept up their thrilling music, the management having arranged for the presence of the bands of the First Life Guards, Royal Horse Guards (Blues), Grenadier Guards, Coldstream Guards, Scots Guards, and the drummers, fifers, and pipers of her Majesty's Scots Guards. In addition there were four or five other bands, and Mr. August Manns presiding over the Crystal Palace Orchestra.

For such as like quieter entertainments there are the library and reading-room. The library possesses innumerable books of unusual interest and great value, amongst them being the *Dictionair Encyclopedic*, published at the time of the French Revolution. The late Mr. John Murray was a great benefactor to the library, presenting it with many useful and desirable works. The reading-room is accessible to the general public—visitors to the Palace—and is comfortably fitted up with seats and baize-covered tables, and liberally supplied with the leading magazines and periodicals. Bound copies of the *Times*, from 1838, and bound indexes from that date are arranged on the lower shelves of the book-cases, and are available for use in the reading-room. There is probably no reading-room in the land equally well lighted, the light falling upon the reading tables from an entire wall of glass. The view from the windows presents an unbroken panorama of beauty and variety, stretching as far as the eye can see.

Very suggestive and interesting are the statistics given in an early account

of the building itself, which, by the way, is nearly three-quarters of a mile in length, the sky being visible for the entire distance.

"At one time," says our authority, "during the progress of the works, as many as 6,400 men were engaged in carrying out the designs of the directors. The total length of columns employed in the construction of the main building and wings would extend, if laid in a straight line, a distance of sixteen and a-quarter miles. The total weight of iron used in the main building and wings amounts to 9,641 tons 17 cwt.



THE MOURNERS

From Photo by NEGRETTE & ZAMBRA

1 qr. The superficial quantity of glass used is 25 acres, and if the panes were laid side by side they would extend to a distance of 48 miles; if end to end, to the almost incredible length of 242 miles. The quantity of bolts and rivets distributed over the main structure and wings weighs 175 tons 1 cwt. 1 qr., and the nails hammered into the Palace increase its weight by 103 tons 6 cwt., while the amount of brickwork in the main building and wings is 15,391 cubic yards. From the end of the South Wing to the Crystal Palace Railway



ANTEDILUVIAN ANIMALS.

From Photo by NEGRETTI & ZAMER

Station is a colonnade of 720 feet long, 17 feet wide, and 18 feet high. It possesses a superficial area of 15,500 feet, and the quantity of iron employed in this covered passage is 60 tons; of glass 30,000 superficial feet. The pipes for the conveyance of the hot water used in heating the building, and laid under the floor of the main building and around the wing would, if placed in a straight line and taken at an average circumference of 12 inches, stretch to a distance of more than 50 miles, and the water, in flowing from and returning to the boilers, travels one mile and three-quarters." It is estimated that the cost of "running" the Palace is £350 a day, of which £100 a week is spent on the 200 acres of gardens and park.

One of the most inspiring corners of the Palace is that containing the gallery devoted to the attractive series of pictures, illustrating various heroic actions for which the Victoria Cross was merited and bestowed.

In the Sculpture Gallery there are

several fine pieces of work which arrest attention. A general favourite is that by J. G. Lough, Esq., and named "The Mourners." This sculptor was born at Greenhead, Northumberland. He began by studying from the Elgin marbles. Then he went to Italy in 1843, where he remained for four years. He does not appear to have studied under any masters. His "Mourners," shown in our photograph, is a fair sample of modern English art. It appeals to all, and is suggestive of a sad phase of war.

Wandering through the beautiful grounds of the Crystal Palace, and crossing the rustic bridge, we arrive, in time, at the Lower Lake. Here are the monsters of the days before the Flood—gigantic creatures constructed by the scientific students of natural history.

We give an illustration of these remarkable models of extinct races, the forebears of the familiar creatures gathered in the Zoo.

We notice, during our walk, that the great fountains have disappeared, and

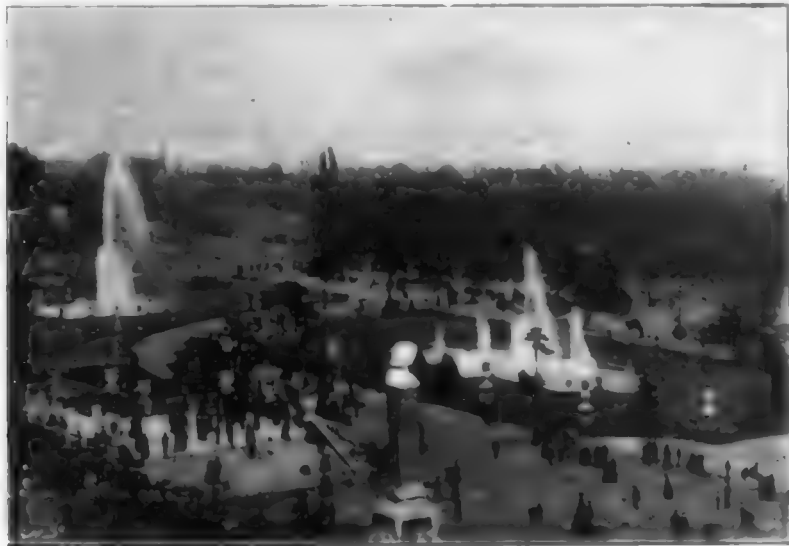
find, upon inquiry, that they were done away with, as they had become dilapidated. What is, perhaps, the finest sports ground in England now occupies the site, the sloping sides affording a capital chance of a good view. There are still some fine fountains scattered about the grounds, and these, when in full play, are very effective. See the last illustration.

In concluding this sketch of our National Crystal Palace, we can scarcely do better than invite those who read to visit it for themselves, with their eyes open and their minds alert.

That the Crystal Palace flourishes to-day as a national institution is due to the judicious policy of the management of the past few years, which has broadly interpreted the intentions of its founders,

by combining healthful exercise and wholesome recreation for the multitude, with the unrivalled educative artistic advantages afforded by the Palace, its unique and magnificent collections, and its spacious and beautiful grounds. There is scarcely a week-day in the whole year when the Palace does not offer some special form of musical, dramatical, industrial, or athletic entertainment, as we all know. The marvel is that a varying programme can be so admirably sustained.

It may seem to some that we are guilty of a grave omission in maintaining silence as to the music, past and present, of the Palace. To such we would say that we hope at no distant date to devote an entire paper to this engrossing subject.



VIEW OF THE GROUNDS—THE FOUNTAINS PLAYING

From Photo by NEGRETICI & ZAMBRA



WRITTEN BY A. MACNEILL BARBOUR

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



O leave London, good old London, on a bright cheerful morning in May, with the parks crowded with smart people on foot and on the bike, the streets and thoroughfares thronged with well-dressed sight-seers and well-appointed equipages, is one thing; and to leave dismal, gloomy, foggy, nasty old London in December, in a thick cold fog, for the bright sunny South, is another! And glad we were to reach Victoria Station in safety after a few necessary stoppages in the dense gloom, and draw away in the dismal night with the fog signals blowing, for Newhaven *via* Dieppe for Paris, *en route* to Monte Carlo. Paris was bright, sparkling and effervescent as ever, especially the Champs Elysée, where we had the opportunity of seeing some well-known faces and an exceptional crowd of well-dressed people. The lightness and airiness of the French is so strikingly apparent after a year or two of London. The very air seems

laden with an indescribable briskness and sparkle. Smiling happy faces on every side, and the gay chatter, meaningless, but all tending to make this dreary life seem brighter, if only *en passant*. How easy it is to forget life's dull care and trouble and assume the jaunty *débonnair* manner of the Boulevardier *routiné*, especially after dining well at either Maxim's or *chez* Cubat (the latter now closed). We left Paris by the afternoon train, *via* Marseilles, directly for Monte Carlo. The journey was rather monotonous and uneventful, but for the fact of a very eccentric old English gentleman who persisted in losing everything he possessed with remarkable persistency and immediately finding it again after disturbing everybody in the *coupé*. He commenced his journey by being pitched with some violence into our compartment by two exasperated guards, who tumbled his luggage, or rather what was left of it, after him. He had naturally lost his through ticket to Mentone, but being the happy possessor of three great-coats, two coats, and a combination of some seventy-two pockets, after a

search of half-an-hour, assisted materially by an elderly French lady, with whom he conversed in fluent but absolutely unintelligible French, he succeeded in finding the missing ticket. Of course, in the meantime, he had to buy another at the station before he could enter the train. At various periods of the long night's ride he slept, only to awaken at every station and descend from the train, imagining that he had arrived at Charing Cross, and vainly protesting at any interference to the contrary. We left him at Monte Carlo busily occupied in looking for his top hat, note-book, a pair of spectacles and a poodle (the latter evidently at the Gare de Lyon, in Paris). What a glimpse of Paradise, after a night's run from bright but cold Paris, to find oneself in warm sunshine, dense green foliage, with ripe, luscious oranges gleaming like spots of burnished gold in the yellow sun! The gardens and charming white villas, perched so picturesquely on the hillside, glistening from a lovely background of emerald green, with such variable tints of opal grey from the cactus and olive trees. The houses and streets so artistically perfect in colour. The dense russet shadows, vermilion and harmonious shades, all tending to complete a never-to-be-forgotten picture, especially when seen for the first time. As some people will have it, a den of iniquity, but with what a setting—a perfect jewel-box! If sin or vice was made less attractive, should we sin? Of course, Christmastide here is not what we should call the height of the season. The actual season at Monte Carlo really begins after the races at Nice. That is about the 15th January, or near the end of the month, but still, it is very gay and very full. Many well-known names and faces, and the *Tir au Pigeons* is in full blast, although the shooting for the big prizes begins later on. Still, we have some well-known English and foreign shots here at this time. Monte Carlo at any time of the year is heavenly, more especially so after a few nasty months of London's cold and fog. A glorious walk on a balmy morning is around the old fortifications of the Principality and the extremely interesting Palace of the present

Prince Albert of Monaco, who married the widow of the French Duc de Richelieu, and a daughter of Heine, the celebrated banker. The military force of the Principality is not exactly powerful enough to contend in a lengthened war with any outside nation of importance, without extreme doubts being entertained of its coming out second best. We viewed with great delight the changing of the guard at the Palace; all the ceremonies of a great Court were observed with an exactitude and precision worthy of a better cause. The soldiers, some six in number, with twelve officers, four drummers, and two buglers, were magnificent, the uniforms faultless, with spotless white spats, the whole scene—with the dense blue sky and the indescribable peacock blue of the Mediterranean, reminding one of a scene on some stage or a Gilbert and Sullivan opera; in fact, everything is stagey here, to a certain extent. I wish as far as possible to remedy a certain idea entertained far and wide by nearly everybody (not knowing the Riviera), that the expense of visiting this really charming spot is very great. At a comparatively moderate cost the average person with a slender purse can live here extremely well and cheaply. Monte Carlo or Monaco, to my idea, is the ideal spot of La Cote D'azur. Where such scenery? where such charm?—the grand stretch of coast on either side, the never-ending change of tone in sea and sky, with always that wonderful background of hills and the view of Cap Martin and Bordighera—to any one wishing to pass a few weeks here inexpensively without stopping at the Grand Hotel or the Métropole. I should certainly advise them to try one of the smaller hotels in the Condamine. The slight walk up the hill is a delightful exercise of a few moments only, and the difference in the prices amply repays any slight exertion of this kind. Naturally the chief and intense attraction of Monte Carlo is the Casino and the gaming tables. I don't suppose there is one person in a hundred who visit this lovely place that is not more or less imbued with a secret determination of winning, in a very short space of time, a fortune. The large sums that are carried away from here are very few



AT THE TABLES

and far between ; generally what is won in one day is lost the next. There are no amusements of any kind. The Administration look after this detail with admirable judgment ; everything is absolutely concentrated in the Casino. This is the magnet *par et simple*. You have delightful concerts free of charge, theatrical performances with the very best of talent at extremely moderate prices ; but all within the walls of the all-absorbing Casino. Very few can resist the magnetism of play. If you win even a small sum you feel obliged to continue, if you lose you wish to regain, and so it goes on until in

the end you have dropped more than you can well afford, and are obliged to retire a sadder but wiser man, or woman, with the option of applying to the Casino authorities for the where-withal to return home (this request is never refused a player who has lost). An evening or even afternoon in the rooms is a study for a lifetime. The indescribable air of doubt, deathly stillness, pervades every apartment ; the strained look of even the onlookers, the peculiar dense atmosphere, the sickening odour of scent (mingling with even worse), a queen of the *demi-monde* shoulder-to-shoulder with an English

duchess (Democratism prevails here to an excessive degree), is a never-to-be-forgotten picture. Watch the faces of the inveterate gamblers who pass their time between this den of vice and Ostend. Interested in nothing but the roll of the ball or the turn of the card, forgetting entirely beautiful Nature outside, having no other thought but of play and sleep, probably induced by artificial means; the haggard look and sunken eye, the trembling hand, all tell their tale. The pleased smile of the fair young English bride as she arises from her place at the table, the smile of congratulation from her immediate neighbour, the extremely friendly croupier, who only too well knows that she will return again and leave what she has gained, and more besides. It is all a study! The dense crush of humanity, the heat, the intense excitement, the magnificent jewels and costumes—one is more than satiated; for the outsider it becomes nauseous. You leave the rooms with a sense of oppression and glad to breathe the pure air of heaven again and gaze upon the beauties of nature which God has provided in such magnificent abundance. For the beauties of this spot are endless; sea and sky are constantly changing. Even on grey or gloomy days, which very rarely occur, there is always an interesting study in tone. Strange to say, one never has the feeling of being at a seaside place in Monte Carlo. There is an utter lack of the briny, or exhilarating effect of salt water, and, but for the boundless horizon of the Mediterranean, you might as easily imagine yourself at either Aix les Bains or Spa. But for the occasional visits of private yachts, there is scarcely ever a sail to be seen, and never passing steamers or other craft; but still, there is never a sense of isolation in any way, and the charming little place is always brimming over with gaiety, always crowded with the very *crème* of society of all countries—great celebrities jostle each other, and pretty and smart women predominate. The society in Monte Carlo this season has been very much as usual, as it generally is, the *haute ton* of nearly every country coming and going constantly. The *grande bataille*

de fleurs was not up to the usual mark, in fact it never does come up to the one at Nice, and very seldom to that at Mentone, but nevertheless there was plenty of fun and gaiety, and several of the really beautifully decorated carriages were superb. We had no difficulty in picking out the winner long before the prizes were given out. As everybody knows by this time, the first and second were taken by Lord Uxbridge and the Russian Prince, Troubetskoi. There was plenty of flower throwing, and universal good humour prevailed. I noticed old England was very much to the fore, and numerous parties placed in front of the Café de Paris, or Casino, continually assailed all passing carriages with heavy cannonades of violets and daisies. It is a really charming sight, and such good nature on all sides; it is so much prettier than the throwing of confetti at Nice during the Carnival,



WON

although, as a rule, the crowd is exceedingly polite, and one is never molested, except in the usual carnivalistic sense. Since last year, Monte Carlo is richer in one more grand bar, or grill room—the *soi-disant* Palace bar, adjoining the Café de Paris. It was opened the end of January, and Baron, the celebrated French actor, was the first to have a grill. It is exceedingly beautiful, and crowded nightly by magnificently-dressed women of the *demi-monde* principally, although, occasionally,

in Monte Carlo are really few and far between. I believe, from long experience, that they really very seldom occur. Of course, one does hear now and again of somebody taking his own life, but I sincerely believe "Hell on a Rock" is generally painted a much deeper black than it deserves. The life in Monte Carlo is otherwise exceedingly delightful, and not more expensive than any other place on the Riviera. The great question is simply play, but only play. You are never requested to play,



LOST

ladies of the *beau-monde* will enter to see the fairy-like scene; the glitter of diamonds, the weird strains of the Czigian band, and the never-ceasing pop of the merry champagne cork, not at all reminding one of the reverse side of the medal—that is, the side generally placed before the public—the dreary lamp-lit gardens, the black, inky night, and the quiet gentleman in evening dress stretched at full length in the pathway, with the terrible little hole in his forehead and the inevitable rivulet of blood. Now, the absolute truth is that suicides

although, naturally, it is a terrible fascination, and very few can resist it. But how many people visit Monte Carlo who never even enter the rooms? and how many who nightly pass back and forth with the white card, who enjoy the concerts, the delightful promenades, and all the loveliness of this place, who never even think of risking a five-franc piece on the green cloth? One great advantage to Monte Carlo is that it is so protected, especially from disagreeable winds and dust, that one has so much of in Nice; and it has such a delightful

harbour for pleasure yachts, and one can generally count from five to ten nearly all the season through, the English and American flags predominating.

The yacht racing this year was particularly interesting, as the Temple Yacht Club had especially built a new boat to race the French "Cercle Nautique," but they were only partly successful. It was a lovely scene, the gleaming white sails, the blue placid sea, with hardly enough breeze to make a race an exciting event, but still of sufficient interest to all of us. Although the "Gloria" did not win this time, she did at first, and she was such a delight to look at. The Terrace this season has been unusually well crowded with distinguished people; say from three till five, one could enjoy such glimpses of beauty, such charming frocks and pretty faces, with occasional peeps at the very latest thing in *lingerie* and tiny *souliers*, the latter generally white or brown. Men, as a rule, in Monte Carlo, don't dress much, the lounge suit and easy russet shoes, white straw or grey felt hats being the usual costume worn during the day, evening dress at night being *de rigueur*, although one sees hundreds of French, Germans, and Russians who never think of changing for the evening; but of course this is the

Continental style, as you seldom see Germans or French dress for the theatre, unless it is the Grand Opera in Paris, or the larger theatres, and then only for certain places. I think, on the whole, Monte Carlo to be thoroughly appreciated and properly studied should be visited more than once, and then for a longer stay. The general public, who have a run over there for a week or ten days, and lose a hundred or two on which they expected to amuse themselves on their return to Paris, and then storm against the "Hell on a Rock," are not always to be considered. I one day overheard a guide to a party of exceedingly simple-looking Germans—the usual tourist lot, side-elastic boots, etc.—telling them, "Gentlemen, here is the celebrated Casino, the gambling hell of the world; daily men and women are ruined and duped at the tables. The most selected spot for suicide is just to your left, under the palm trees; although you will find no bodies there now, in the morning plenty will be carried away. If you wish to enter, gentlemen, do so, I shall await you at the Café opposite." It was all too comical for words, but such is the general idea conceived of one of the most charming and fascinating spots in the world.



IN SEPTEMBER

ALL the roses are wearied,
 All the roses but you,
 Rose in White of my noon and night,
 Rose that is always new.
 Summer tires of her green desires,
 Skies are a colder blue,
 All the roses are wearied,
 All the roses but you.

All the summer we watched them
 Bud, and blossom, and blow.
 Heart, my heart, it is hard to part
 With friends that were sweet to know.
 Dear, my dear, but an end is near
 When roses make ready to go.
 All the summer we watched them
 Bud, and blossom, and blow.

Lass, if I had not loved you,
 Roses would count for nought;
 Summer's death would be only a breath
 Passing, and, passed, forgot.
 Rain and rime of a wintry time
 Never would stir a thought.
 Lass, if I had not loved you,
 Roses would count for nought.

Here is an end, my darling,
 Here we begin again;
 Come what may, we have seen to-day
 Love made stronger by pain.
 Sad our eyes, but our hearts are wise,
 Knowing what hopes remain;
 Here is an end, my darling,
 Here we begin again.

All the roses are wearied,
 All the roses but you;
 Tears are shed for a season fled,
 But gladness is born anew.
 Rose in White of my noon and night,
 I joy that this thought is true:
 All the roses are wearied,
 All the roses but you!

Curious Patents.



N 1794 Anthony Yeldall, surgeon, patented a magnetic belt which he calls "An acroamatic belt, which being applied to the human body has effected the most singular cures in gouty, rheumatic and other cases. . . . This belt is a metallic and chymical composition, acroamatically prepared, for the purpose of emitting as much magnetic effluvia as is possible that any composition (not a concentrated magnet) is capable of. This composition is very little attractive like unto common magnets, but is as much as possible deprived of that power, so that it may have its directive influence increased." Then follow elaborate instructions for the care of the belt and its mode of application to the body, after which it is stated that "it will greatly add to the strength of the belt if it be taken off one day before and kept until one day after the fall of the moon, placing it when off in the same manner in the paper as when it came." Of an allied nature is the following contrivance, of date 1876, whereby the inventor hopes to convey electrically the health of an animal or the virtues of a medicinal bath to the patient. He says: "I apply electricity to the human body by conveying it in the first instance through the bodies of healthy animals—say, for example, through the bodies of a series of cows or horses insulated on boards or otherwise. I also do the same through the bodies of healthy persons, substituting them for animals." These animals form part of the circuit of a current which passes through the patient, and their vitality is supposed to be transferred to him. The current may pass through medicinal baths besides or instead of animals, with equally efficacious results.

That virtue exists in the hair is a very

ancient idea, and Oliver Wendell Holmes comments on the peculiar pleasant scent of the hair of good women. A less romantic German—one Gustav Jaeger, of Stuttgart—obtained in 1884 a patent specified as follows: "Whereas by the method of analysis—known as 'neural analysis'—of the effect of inhalation and exhalation of the human body and of the different scents brought into contact therewith, I have discovered that the scent or smell of the hair of healthy females possessing good digestion possesses energising and animating influences, and is advantageous to the health. But the hair to be so used must be entirely free from oils, ointments and cosmetics. Now, the object of my invention is to utilise such discovery in a practical manner." After describing the mode of preparing the "hair-scent extract," which consists of a sort of homœopathic dilution containing hair in various proportions, from 1 part in 10,000 down to 1 part in 1,000,000,000,000,000, the inventor goes on to say: "The degree of dilution may be varied to any extent. As regards the hair to be used, it must be mentioned that not every kind of hair has an equally favourable effect upon all persons. The hair of a fair person is more successful on fair-haired persons than on dark-haired, and *vice versa*. In the same manner the difference of race is of importance. The selection of the hair requires great care and attention, as the hair of sick persons, or those who possess a bad digestion, is incapable of producing a healthy influence." The invention claimed is the use of the "hair-scent extract" as an addition to food and perfumery, and its preparation.

In 1795 a medicine called "The Reanimating Solar Tincture" was patented by a certain Ebenezer Sibly. It is difficult to say with regard to this which forms the more imposing list—the number of ingredients or the maladies

for which it is supposed to be a remedy. Amongst the latter are mentioned "gun-shot wounds, if not mortal."

The subject of marine propulsion is responsible for not a few curiosities of invention. Several aim at the utilisation of the motion of the waves. Amongst these may be mentioned a patent, of date 1827, by Sir William Congreve, the inventor of the rocket which bears his name. It consists in attaching to the vessel by pivoted arms, a floating wheel provided with buckets on its circumference, like an ordinary overshot water-wheel. The waves wash up into the buckets, filling those at one side of the wheel and causing it to revolve. The inventor calculates that a wheel 12 ft. in diameter and 6 ft. broad might be expected to develop 80-horse power, two of them being sufficient to propel a large vessel. The wheels may either themselves be furnished with propelling paddles, or may be used to drive propelling machinery of any suitable character. To the possible objection that such a machine would not work without waves, he replied that a similar objection might be urged against sailing vessels, which will not move without wind. Wherever there is wind there are waves, and his machine has the advantage that it will propel a ship in any direction, while the course of a sailing vessel is circumscribed by the direction of the wind.

In a more recent case, patented in 1885, the ship is divided transversely into two parts, which are held together by a shaft running longitudinally. This shaft is fixed rigidly in the forward part of the ship, but is mounted in bearings in the after part, which can thus turn upon it. The two parts are rocked independently by the waves, and the motion so given to the shaft actuates pumps for compressing air, which is then used for purposes of propulsion.

There have been several suggestions for increasing the buoyancy of ships. It has been proposed to fix wedges along the bottom of a vessel with their thin ends towards the bow. These wedges cause the vessel to be lifted by its forward movement, the resistance to its motion being diminished accordingly. Compressed air has also been proposed. The fact of a vessel floating being due

to the air within it, it is supposed that the more air it contains the better it will float. All that is needed, then, to secure any degree of buoyancy is to provide the vessel with air-tight chambers into which air can be pumped.

While on the subject of ships, a device patented in 1885 for illuminating submarine vessels is worthy of record. It consists of a bent tube furnished with a system of lenses, fixed reflectors, and rapidly-revolving prisms, which transfer light into the interior of the vessel. The light is supposed to be introduced more quickly than it can escape, and consequently accumulates inside the vessel, which is then submerged and can remain under water until its stock of light is exhausted, when it comes up for more. The inventor says, "The vessel having been, so to say, charged with light in the manner described, may then be lowered in the water and kept lighted for some time, or till the air has to be removed and charged with light." The crew, stores, &c., are introduced in waterproof bags. The inventor's exposition of the principles on which this contrivance is based is no less remarkable than the device itself. He says:

"The reasons why a long, enduring and strong light may be expected are as follows:

"1. Suppose yourself changed into an atom on which the sun shines at mid-day, then the light will appear enormous to you. But if the earth itself be supposed very large relatively to the sun, then the latter will appear proportionately dim. Hence, the smaller an object is, the greater will the light appear to be.

"2. The light shines infinitely far when the atmosphere through which it passes does not hinder it.

"3. All objects absorb light though not equally well, while some, such as mirrors, reflect it almost entirely.

"If therefore a prism is turned in the sunlight and the rays are caught by a mirror placed in a slanting position thereto, then the light of the sun will appear as seen by an atom. On the other hand, by the quick rotation we obtain a large surface acted upon, or we obtain approximately the same amount

of light as a surface of like area would receive.

"Dark objects absorb the light, while others throw it back. The light thrown into space appears to go to the infinite. If such a ray of light could be concentrated a strong light would be obtained. This takes place by a suitable position of the mirrors."

There are many patents of more or less value for neutralising the disturbing effect of the iron of which ships are built on the magnetic compass. One inventor, however, overcomes the difficulty by using a compass containing no magnetic needle whatever. The instrument is thus entirely independent of large masses of iron in the neighbourhood. Examples of such bodies are given in the specification, the most striking being "an iron-bound coast." The invention consists of a number of indicating hands geared together so that if one be moved the others follow suit. In order to steer a certain course all that is needed is to set one of the hands in the desired direction and the others will indicate where to go to. The specification does not say how the proper direction is originally discovered, the instrument being a substitute for and not merely an adjunct to a magnetic compass. The inventor, however, states that his invention is very valuable.

It is well known that gold is now extracted from materials which to the vulgar eye look unpromising, but it is not generally recognised what a mine of wealth still remains unworked, for there exists a patent for extracting gold from straw. The process consists in making a decoction of wheat grains and straw chopped fine. The liquor is allowed to stand and the scum accumulating on it is removed. This scum consists of "films of gold." The specification says, "That in the steeping of the mixture of half measure, the whole wheat straw cut into fine square snips the width of the straw and half the grains in a jar of ordinary cold water, I let the steep remain still for ten hours at a temperature of fifty-nine degrees Fahrenheit varying with temperature, and then straining off the liquor into a shallow pan of some such cool substance as china or earthenware; I leave this liquor to stand in this pan

for yet twenty-four hours at sixty degrees, also varying with temperature; these durations of times of ten hours and twenty-four hours speaking for a very inferior brown straw, much knocked about, and the grains, those of a very good quality of red wheat; and then catch up the skim on a cylinder of some such cool substance as china or earthenware, and then let this skim dry, so getting same results of films of gold."

In 1718 was patented a very curious weapon entitled "A Portable Gun or Machine called a Defence, that discharges soe often and soe many Bullets, and can be soe quickly Loaden as renders it next to Impossible to carry any Ship by Boarding."

In 1808, one John Dumbell patented an engine, distinguished by the name of the "Ess or George's Wain." It consists of an elaborate fan—a kind of glorified smoke-jack—driven by steam or by the explosion or ignition of some combustible. A list of appropriate substances is given, which is pretty exhaustive, as may be judged from the following extract: "The lacus asphaltites might furnish materials in one place, the bowels of Mount Etna in another. It may not be improper also to set forth that sometimes gas, bodies, or ingredients of different powers, may be used alternately (*sic*), and that hydrotics may have a value, but to describe each article or ingredient might embrace a large portion of the pharmacopœia. The composition, which was anciently called maltha, which is described by Pliny as a combustible mass, and which, when once set on fire, water makes it burn more fiercely; unslaked lime, wine, fat and oil, liquid brimstone, wildfire, the materials of which rockets are made, and those with which guns and bombs are loaded; these things, and all the materials which are included in the pyrotechnic art, present themselves *ad libitum*, as well as those which the servants of Nebuchadnezzar resorted to when, in his fury, he commanded that they should heat the furnace seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated, who "ceased not to make the oven hot with resin, pitch, tar, and small wood." Phosphorus, mixed or unmixed with sulphur, the oxymuriate of potass, the

powder of fusion—three parts of nitre, two of potass, and one part of sulphur—commonly called fulminating powder, exposed to a heat equal to that of a candle; fulminating silver, which will detonate without the contact of fire; fulminating mercury; the fuming acid of nitre, which, when mixed with oil of turpentine, instantly catches fire and bursts forth into a dreadful flame; the strong acid of nitre, invite an application." That the heat which the inventor proposes to develop is intense may be gathered from the fact that he expects to boil iron, whose melting-point he gives as 17,977 deg. F. ! "The Ess," he says, "may be applied to a number of valuable domestic and useful purposes—to the churn and to the poly (so called from 'polio,' to make smooth or even, to set off; *sed vulgo dictu*, a mangle.") The receptacle containing the fan and those in which combustion takes place are supplied with air by a large bellows, to which a bugle, French horn or organ-pipe may be attached to give the public due notice of the approach of the Ess. Somewhat drastic measures are proposed to induce the Ess to ascend a hill or to negotiate a bad piece of road. "A pistol or gun or any other species of ordnance might be discharged into the receptacle, or such methods as are used to make gun-powder take fire with an explosion may be resorted to, as well as such liquids or ingredients as may furnish aid or increase ignitable or ignivomous powers."

A specification of the year 1858 relating to telegraph cables indicates a method by which what the inventor describes as "invalid cables" may be rendered fit for service. When, however, they are too far gone to be devoted to their original purpose, the conducting wires may be withdrawn from their insulating coverings, which can then be used as tubes. The specification says: "Structures like the above-mentioned cables, not the most efficient for electric submarine telegraphy, may be used for exhausting and forcing fluids through;

for instance, the gutta-percha insulated conductors of the Gurden telegraph cable, if cut with a sharp, strong knife (or otherwise) across into pieces the length of a 'straw,' such as those through which the Americans suck the beverages called 'gin sling,' 'brandy smash,' 'cock-tail' and 'sherry cobbler,' these pieces may be applied for such purposes. About a pint of fluid per hour can be imbibed through every perfect piece of such conductors; therefore I propose to apply such cables for like purposes, unless they can be more profitably employed."

The following passage occurs in a specification of date 1860, for a carbon filter: "I will now state as briefly as I can what I know as to the novelty of my invention as hereinbefore specified.

"I first became aware of the purifying qualities of charcoal some twenty years ago in the course of my readings and practice as an operative chemist, but it never occurred to me to apply it to the purification of water until the early part of last summer, when I at once gave my whole soul to the subject, and have continued incessantly to pursue it with all my energy during eight months, strengthened by the hearty and efficient co-operation of my dear wife, and the support of our brother Sampson, the enthusiastic admiration of our dear friend Mr. Robert Noyes, and our brother-in-law, Mr. William Neeld, the cheerful assistance of our several women, particularly Martha Heath and Betsy Jebbs, and the warm smile of an enchanted public, particularly the dear little ones who clasp the cold sparkling crystal with both their tiny hands, and lifted (? lift it) to their sweet little quivering lips. To some this may appear irrevelant (*sic*), but I feel it a tribute of justice which gives me inexpressible pleasure to render, for without such aids it would have been a physical impossibility for me to have brought my invention to a successful issue."



MR. C. DUNDAS SLATER

From Photo by WALKER

The Making of a Music-Hall

(AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. C. DUNDAS SLATER, MANAGER OF THE ALHAMBRA.)

WRITTEN BY EDWARD VERNON. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



MUSIC-HALL, unlike a poet, is made, not born. You can have a magnificent building, electric-lighted, and with all the most modern improvements in decorations and stage machinery, and you can also have a sufficient number of *artistes* at considerable salaries, to say nothing of cosy little corners scattered about the house to which a man may retire to see another man on various matters mostly connected with the liquidation business, but still

you haven't got a music-hall in the modern sense of the term, and the odds are that you won't have much of an audience either unless you have got just the right sort of manager too.

Now the manager of a music-hall has to be a sort of Napoleon, an organiser of victory, artistic and financial, otherwise he will never be master of the big battalions of sight-seers with whom the ultimate verdict of success or failure, prosperity or ruin, ultimately rests.

It was for the purpose of finding out, as far as possible, how this is done, that I went to see Mr. Dundas Slater the other day, in his Moorish palace in Leicester Square. I went in by the new Charing Cross Road entrance, and found the palace aforesaid looking something like a beauty in curl-papers. But the curtain was up, the orchestra was

said something at the wrong moment. They were rehearsing the new Alhambra ballet. It was going on that night, and it had only been in preparation three weeks. This, I believe, is a record; the average time is thirteen weeks.

Mr. Slater was sitting on the back of one of the brown-holland-covered stalls, with his feet on the arms, saying nothing



MARISKA RECSY, THE FAMOUS DANCER

From Photo by REUTLINGER, Paris.

at drill, and the big stage was full of life and movement, of queerly incongruous costumes, and vocal with many voices that would not be used in the regular performance. For instance, every now and then the conductor would suddenly crush the orchestra into silence with an imperious down-stroke of his *bâton* and shout across the footlights at some one who had done or

and missing nothing. The conductor was saying many things, but I don't think he was missing much either. There were several celebrities scattered about, and among them Signor Fregoli, who had come down to rehearse his burlesque of Miss Charmion's wonderfully piquant performance, about which, as you know, all London is talking. This over and duly laughed at, I at

length got Mr. Slater away to his private office and got him to talk.

"How did you come to be a music-hall manager?" I said, with an apparent abruptness due to consideration for the time of a very busy man.

"Well, I think I may say that it was through a game of tennis."

I didn't interrupt him to ask what connection there was between racquets and nets and balls and the organising of variety shows, and he went on:—

"You see, it was this way. There were three of us, and the other two were George Edwardes and his brother. George Edwardes is one of the very best friends that any man wants to have, especially if he has anything to do with theatres or music-halls. If I hadn't been playing that game of tennis I don't suppose I should have been acting-manager of the Empire when Sir Augustus Harris resigned his directorate, and, of course, if I hadn't gone there I shouldn't be here now, for I may say at once that whatever success I may have had here, my connection with George Edwardes, and his kindness to me, have had a good deal to do with it."

"But you didn't become acting-manager of the Empire all at once, did you?"

"Oh, no. I was his touring manager first. I took out 'Jack Sheppard' in '86, with Nelly Farren and Fred Leslie. It was an enormous success—one of the biggest that ever was. Then I was with Mr. Edwardes when 'Dorothy' was running at the Prince of Wales's, and after that I took his first company to America—or rather, I met them on their return from Australia, at San Francisco, and brought them through the States. That was in '88 and '89, and our *pièces de resistance* were 'Monte Christo' and 'Esmeralda.'"



CHARMION.

From Photo by HALL, New York

"And now, I suppose, it is the proper thing for me to ask you how you found American audiences?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I found them very funny at first. They received us with absolute silence; nobody laughed, nobody applauded, and nobody wore evening dress. I also noticed that the women had a way of looking over the book of words, and then looking at each other and giggling behind their fans. It then came out that a lot of the little turns of speech which over here are perfectly innocent have quite different meanings in the American language. We altered these—got what we meant to say translated, and Fred Leslie worked in some clever localisms, and after that the things went with a rush. While we were there the epidemic of

Anglomania started, and when we left everybody came in evening dress, and on the last nights the audience stood up on the seats and shouted at us. American audiences, you know, like all others, need understanding."

"And when you came back?"

"I went straight to the Empire, on George Edwardes' nomination. That was on October 16th, 1889."

"Of course, the show was quite different then to what it is now?"

"In those days the public taste ran to dumb-show ballets—long ballets—acrobats, and that sort of thing. The great star *artiste* had scarcely arrived then—I mean such as Yvette Guilbert, Fregoli, Cinquevalli, and our present Miss Charmion—but they were coming. You see, those were really the days of the transition from the old music-hall—

I mean the music-hall of the acrobat and gymnast, and the *lion comique* whom people didn't generally take their wives to hear—to the show which Bishops may now patronise without reproach. Shortly after I went to the Empire the real development took place. They had been about a year and a-half at the old style of business, and then the transformation came. I think I may say that the Empire was the pioneer of the modern form of music-hall entertainment, with its splendid spectacles and lavish expenditure on the very finest *artistes* to be had."

"And which do you call the biggest success at the Empire—I mean in the way of spectacles?"

"'Round the Town,' undoubtedly. That was the first real English ballet as distinguished from the Italian or dumb-

show style. It ran for fifteen months, and crowded the Empire all the time. The secret of its success was that it showed an English audience both the grave and gay sides of English life, and did it even more rapidly and more vividly than a play does. Since then ballets have gone on getting shorter and more splendid."

"And as regards individual turns?"

"Yvette Guilbert was easily the first. She 'took' tremendously. She had first forty, and then sixty, and then eighty pounds a night, but she increased the Empire takings twenty per cent., so she earned her money."

"And what about the dumb-show line? Who was your biggest success in that?"

"Cinquevalli, undoubtedly. He is not only the finest juggler in the world, he is almost the only one—in fact, he was the originator of the modern form of juggling."

"And then you had a big success with Louie Fuller, hadn't you?"

"Yes. You know, she took to that serpentine dancing



CHARMION

From Photo by HALL, New York

—I might almost say that she invented that and the flame dance—after she had made a complete failure as a songstress. We gave her £150 a week, and she earned it; but she's making a lot more even than that on the Continent now. Still, I am bound to say that, as far as my experience goes, Miss Charmion has been the

or the people would have broken them in."

"And then Fregoli, of course?"

"Oh, yes, there's only one Fregoli. He makes a lot of money—but he brings it. Consuelo Tortajada, too, is a great favourite, and then I never allow any turn that isn't absolutely good, and, if possible, the best of its sort."



CHARMION

From Photo by HALL, New York

biggest and most instantaneous success I've ever known. Every other manager in London was afraid of her. I took her because I saw, as you've seen, that there is absolutely nothing objectionable in the performance. Now every one wants her and all London is talking about her. Why, when she'd been performing a night or two, we had to open the doors half-an-hour earlier,

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I had seen quite enough of the new Alhambra to fully agree with this, so I nodded and changed the subject.

"You were running the Empire during the so-called 'Purity Crusade,' weren't you? What did you think of that?"

"I have always considered it an absolutely dishonest agitation, and I think that's what the public came to

think of it afterwards. The Empire was attacked, not because there was anything especially wrong going on there—in fact, I took very good care that nothing wrong went on that I could stop—but simply because it was the wealthiest and most prosperous music-hall in England. In other words, it gave the agitators the best advertisement, and that advertise-

and managers to exclude everything objectionable, and raise the tone of the entertainments. The public has appreciated this, and responded. It is a perfectly natural process of growth, and the interference of people like that only hinders it.

“— And gets them bigger prices for their lectures?”



CHARMION

From Photo by HALL, New York

ment has paid some of them very well, I can tell you. Mind you, I don't think the County Council were to blame; in fact, I think the Council has done splendid work on the whole, especially in making theatres and music-halls much safer than they were. As for the Purity people—well, the music-hall has risen to its present high level through a determination on the part of proprietors

Mr. Slater smiled, and I changed the subject again.

“Well, now, as to future policy. Can you say anything about that? It's pretty obvious that you've pulled the Alhambra round the corner, if the last two or three audiences I've seen here are any criterion; and now you've got them, how do you propose to keep them?”

"Well, I can't altogether give the show away, you know ; but, generally speaking, I'm going in for short, vivid ballets, the most novel and interesting "turns" to be had, the very best *artistes* that money can buy, and constant change of programme. That's the part where the worry comes in, you know."

"But, still, that's how you make a music-hall, I suppose?"

"Well, that's the only way you make

it pay. If your money is to come in fast it must go out fast. The modern public won't take anything below par in the way of amusement. They must have the best, and they won't stand even the very best of the same sort for long. Change on the stage means permanence in the audience—and that's what I hope is going to be the condition of things on both sides of the footlights at the Alhambra."



EMILINE D'ALENÇON

From Photo by REUTLINGER. P. is



WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY L JESSIE ALLEN

THE mirror of Classical Antiquity was a thin circular disk of bronze, highly polished, having the reverse side in most cases ornamented with incised designs, chiefly figure subjects, from Greek Mythology. The handles are rather long and flat, elegant in shape, and usually of bronze or sometimes of ivory. These mirrors of the Greeks may be ranked among some of the most beautiful specimens of their metal work that have come down to our times.

The bronze mirrors mounted on stands are usually composed of a figure supporting an oval mirror. There are several good specimens of these in the British Museum, a fine example is a figure of Aphrodite with a dove in her hand, attended by Eros and Anteros who support the mirror. This bronze mirror was found at Lochri, a celebrated Greek Colony in South Italy.

Pocket mirrors were small circular plaques of polished metal, engraved on the back, these were fitted into shallow bronze cases, the covers of which had very artistic designs carried out in high relief. They had elegant little handles, and were seemingly much carried about by their fair owners. Some of the

charming little Tanagra statuettes of female figures hold circular mirrors in their hands, showing this custom to have been general among Greek ladies.

These bronze cases are often of Greek work of about 400 B.C., and some of the most beautiful have come from Corinth. Aphrodite and Eros are still favourite subjects, or any of the favourite gods, Ganymede and the eagle, female heads, etc.

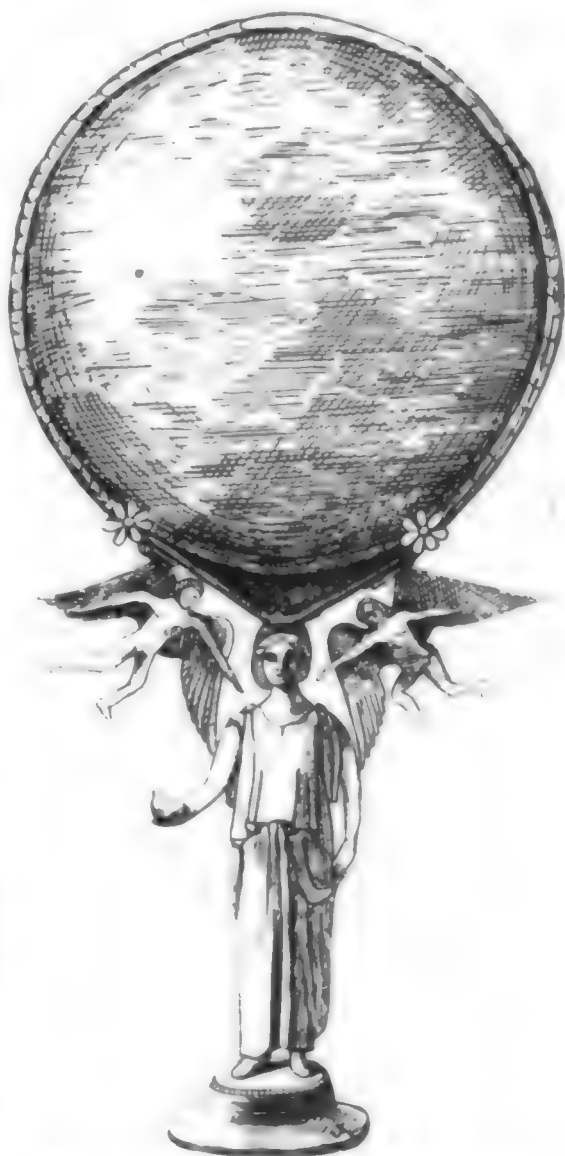
The most beautiful specimens have been found in Greece, but by far the greater number are Etruscan. These Etruscan mirrors follow the Greek designs and style, but some of the work is more archaic and not so elegant. They have been found in all parts of Etruria among ornaments in the graves, from the most elaborate specimens to the roughest, and from this we infer that they were considered articles of importance. They are also thought to have been used in religious ceremonies. Many of the mirrors discovered at Præneste, the modern Palestrina, were found among other articles of the toilet.

The Etruscan terra-cotta sarcophagus of Seianti Thanunia, in the British Museum, gives us a fine illustration of this custom and of both kinds of mirrors, for in the tomb was found, among other

articles, a long-handled silver mirror, and the reclining figure of Seiante Thanunia holds a circular mirror in one hand, while with the other she arranges her draperies. This tomb dates from 200 B.C. The figure is very life-like, representing a handsome woman of heroic proportions, in the prime of life.

The prototype of the metal mirror is no doubt to be found in Egypt. The specimens in the British Museum are of bronze, and of much the same shape as the Greek, but the handles have a distinct style; some are female figures, some birds, and the lotus form is noticeable; and they are, in some cases, of coloured wood and of ivory. These Egyptian mirrors must have been highly polished, as on some found at Thebes the polish had been partially regained, although buried in the earth so many centuries.

Wilkinson tells us that the mirror was called "Maa her" (see face) or "Un her" (show face). They were kept in leather cases, and the handle and back of the mirror was often engraved with the name of the owner. The same kind of mirrors were used by the Israelites, and they are mentioned in Exodus xxxviii. 8: "And he made the laver of brass and the foot of it of brass, of the looking-glasses of the women assembling, which assembled at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation." As the women who assembled at the door of the tabernacle are especially mentioned, it is very probable that they brought the custom back from Egypt, as the Egyptian women took their mirrors with them when they went to their temples. In the Book of Job it says: "Hast thou with Him spread out the sky, which is strong and as a molten looking-glass?" and an Apocryphal writer (Ecclesiasticus xii. 11) writes: "Thou shalt be unto him as if thou hadst wiped a looking-glass, and thou shalt know that his rust has not been altogether wiped away." In these passages it is evident that a metal mirror is meant, although the word looking-glass is used. Metal mirrors must have been made at a very early date, and we also hear of stone mirrors, but they were most likely large slabs of stone polished and used for wall decorations. Pliny mentions the obsidian



BRONZE MIRROR APHRODITE, ATTENDED BY EROS AND ANTHEROS

stone, which is a species of lava, and mirrors of this substance were found in use among the South Americans when the Spaniards arrived in that country; but they also used silver, copper and brass.

The Romans seem to have introduced the use of silver mirrors. Seneca exclaims against the extravagance of the Roman ladies in using them as high as themselves, and Pliny tells us that every young woman in her time must have a silver mirror. These specula formed no doubt a very important part in the toilet of the Roman ladies, for they were great *élégantes* and devoted

much time and care to their hair-dressing and general adornment. We find on many of the vases and even on the specula themselves, scenes from the toilets of the great ladies, and a female slave is often depicted kneeling, and holding up a mirror before her mistress.

Mirrors were dedicated to Aphrodite and offered in her temples, and they seem a fitting symbol for the Goddess of Beauty. Sophocles represents Aphrodite contemplating herself in a mirror, after bathing and perfuming, and Euripides says in *Hecuba*, "And I will arrange the long tresses of my hair in high knots, looking at myself among the infinite reflections of my mirrors of gold, and will then throw myself on my soft couch."

The word-pictures the poets give us of their goddesses and queens present a good idea of the luxury of their times. Homer quotes Penelope as using a golden mirror. Very small specula were sometimes set in coins, and tradition says that Nero had one made of an emerald.

The Greeks used mirrors for divination. They had a custom in Patras of letting a mirror down a well, attached to a cord, till it reached the water; when pulled up again it was expected to show the face of the sick person on whose behalf the ceremony had been performed. In Thessaly questions were written on mirrors, and the answers were to be read in the moon.



MIRROR CASE IN BRONZE, FOUND AT CORINTH



COVER OF MIRROR CASE, APHRODITE AND EROS

A clear pond or stream was no doubt Nature's earliest mirror, and we have the pretty legend of Narcissus. He is said to have been very beautiful, and it was once his fate to approach a clear stream where he laid himself down to rest, but, beholding his reflection in the water, he became so enamoured of his own beauty that he could not tear himself away from the spot, and remained still gazing at his own image, till he was turned into the flower which bears his name.

This sounds very poetical, yet a beautiful metal mirror must have been a much hailed invention. What more charming, flashing plaything could have been desired as a toilet accessory? And wherever the great Roman Empire spread its civilising influence these brilliant courtiers will have followed in its train, always ready to say "How beautiful!" to a charming mistress.

In the year 635 Queen Ethelberga, of Northumbria, had a silver mirror presented to her by Pope Boniface, sent across probably by a special messenger who may have been a priest or some churchman charged with a message and mission to her court. It is a curious fact that representations of mirrors and mirror-cases occur on the sculptured gravestones of Scotland of the Seventh and Eighth Centuries.

Pliny states that glass mirrors backed with metal were made at Sidon, but metal mirrors were not superseded by

glass in Europe till the Thirteenth Century when the method of backing glass with thin sheets of metal was used.

Venice was the first city that turned its attention to making glass mirrors, and in 1564 the mirror-makers of the city joined themselves into a large guild, and for more than a century and a-half enjoyed the monopoly of this trade. The secrets of the trade were very jealously guarded, and exceptional privileges were granted by the Republic to the glass-makers, who were strictly forbidden to introduce the art into any foreign State, or if they went themselves were liable to death on their return and the imprisonment of their relations. The Murano glass factories

French factory at the Faubourg St. Antoine soon rivalled, if not excelled, the Venetian mirrors made at Murano.

Mirrors probably reached their greatest popularity during the reign of Louis XIV., when the style of decoration embraced so much gilding, panelling and glitter. The great glass gallery at Versailles, built by Mansard in 1678, is an example of fine mirrors used in decoration. The gallery is 240 feet long, 34 feet wide, and 43 feet high. The side looking on to the gardens has 34 arches, 17 of which are fitted with windows and 17 with large mirrors. The gallery is also richly decorated with pictures and inscriptions, all to the glorification of "Le Roi Soleil."



TERRA COTTA SARCOPHAGUS, B.C. 200

were soon noted for the excellence of their work, the glass being exceptionally bright, and they produced mirrors with beautifully bevelled edges. Venetian mirrors of that time have been valued as high as 8,016 livres.

The art of mirror-making was practised in England in the Seventeenth Century, and the Duke of Buckingham was patron of glass works at Lambeth. The old mirrors made at that time, with bevelled edges, are now very valuable.

In 1664, the French Minister, Colbert, made great efforts to procure Italian workmen to come to France to instruct the French workers, and at last succeeded in inducing about twenty to do so; and the result was, that the

Before the Sixteenth Century, large mirrors had not become general articles of furniture and decoration, and from about the end of the Twelfth Century to that time small pocket mirrors were used in cases, or small mirrors with handles were worn hanging at the girdle, and considered quite an indispensable article of feminine attire. In the Middle Ages the cases of these mirrors were chiefly made of carved ivory. Quaint Biblical subjects, love scenes, figures among a landscape, are usually seen, and some of them are fairly grotesque. Gold, silver, and ebony covers were also used, and were enriched with much ornamentation.

Mirrors hanging from the girdle were

favourite ornaments in Shakspeare's time, and men wore them set as brooches or ornaments in their hats. Shakspeare is fond of using a mirror as a word of comparison or illustration, and his immortal words, "To hold as 'twere the *mirror* up to Nature," have probably been as often quoted as any of his sayings that have gradually become part and parcel of our daily mode and form of expression. We hear of "Bounteous Buckingham, who was a *mirror* of all courtesy," and Henry IV., "whose wisdom was a *mirror* to the wisest," and Richard III. says, "he will be at charges for a looking-glass."

Mirror, from the Latin word *miror* to wonder, to admire. How many curious things does a mirror reflect, which may well be to wonder at if not to admire! Magic mirrors, across whose surface come flashing shadows, to be read only by the initiated after due incantations, or sometimes clearer

reflections showing the things that are to come. The mirror is held up as the terror of old age and departing beauty, and has been held responsible for many an unpleasant truth remorselessly revealed by its too truthful face in the strong glare of the honest daylight.

*Un jour une glace fidèle,
Lui fit voir ses traits allongés
Oh ! quelle horreur ! s'écria-t-elle,
Comme les miroirs sont changés.*

And another cynic sings—

*Tous les hommes sont jous, et qui n'en
veut point voir
Doit rester dans sa chambre, et casser son
miroir.*

A severe sentence, but fortunately many people will not take it to heart; and after all our mirrors are on the whole very good company, always pleased to reflect a gay scene and smiling faces as soon as they have the opportunity.





From Photo by J. H. POWELL

Italy in London

WRITTEN BY PHILIP GIBBS

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. H. POWELL

M
 ANY Londoners have heard about the Italian district which lies in the neighbourhood of Theobald's Road and Hatton Garden; and some with inquiring minds have strolled up Leather Lane and watched the Italian ice-cream vendors, and fortune-telling women with pretty love-birds, intermingled with the dirty, noisy street hawkers, common to all London slums. This, however, is only the border-land of the real Italian quarter which is *terra incognita* to all but the inhabitants themselves and a few adventurous spirits. Yet to people who cannot afford a trip to *La bella Italia* to

study the language and habits of one of the most picturesque peoples in the world, the next best thing would be an excursion into the neighbourhood of Theobald's Road, London. In this district, within the narrow limits of about a score of small courts and alleys, is an Italian population of several thousands of men, women, and children. It appears almost incredible, at first sight, that so many people could crowd into so small an area, but one can realise this better when one has explored the network of courts and passages which adjoin Great Bath Street and Leather Lane. An artist on the look-out for a subject would do well to peep into one

little court in this district. It is a queer place with tumble-down houses, and so narrow that three men could stretch across the street. Generally, on a week-day, a number of clothes-lines are hung across the court from opposite bedroom windows, and these are covered with all sorts and conditions of brightly-coloured garments; green, red, and yellow kerchiefs, gaudy sashes, ribbons, blouses, shawls, and skirts. At the extreme end of the court is a row of washing-tubs on wooden stools, and, on a week-day morning, a little group of women stand before them washing and scrubbing in seething soap-suds. Their skirts are tucked up, showing scarlet or blue petticoats, and the sleeves of the women's white blouses are rolled right up to the arm-pit exposing their stout brown arms with muscles which would put to shame many an Englishman of this nineteenth century. The women's heads are covered with loose red kerchiefs pinned to their hair, and which they often let fall over their shoulder or behind their backs. Through the open neck of their bodices one can see a little gilt crucifix, medal, or scapula. It is a pretty sight to see this little group of foreign women plunging their naked arms in the steaming water, rinsing their coloured garments and chattering and laughing to their companions in the melodious Italian language. Before each little doorway in the court is generally a group of *bambini*, little Pietros, Paolos, Giovannis, Stefanos, Carolinas, Madalenas, and Francescas, shouting, laughing, screaming, and kicking. Two or three old *padroni* with white hair and bent backs, whose life's work is done, sit on stools across the threshold of their doors, puffing at their clay pipes with quiet satisfaction, and watching their grandchildren at play. Some of the Italian *bambini* are the queerest little mortals it is possible to see. They are closely swathed in linen from chin to toe, so that only their faces appear, and their bodies are like miniature Egyptian mummies. Even the smallest girls generally wear the characteristic *fazzoletto*, or coloured handkerchief.

A very curious sight can often be seen in this court. On fine days, a group of old, old women, whose faces are as

seamed and wrinkled as walnut shells, and whose teeth have vanished with their youth, sit here before their doorways, spinning linen for the young *madri* and their babes with *distaff* and *flax*. *Per bacco!* In this age of machinery it gives one an agreeable shock to recognise these ancient and picturesque instruments of domestic use. One of the most industrious plyers of the distaff is an old woman named Raimunda, who lives at the top of one of the houses in the court. Her advice in matters domestic and otherwise is much sought after by the younger women, who look upon her as quite an oracle. She is also a great favourite with the children, and one can often see her sitting on the doorstep busily spinning with a circle of dark-eyed *bambini* sitting round her listening to many a tale of sunny Italy. Her daughter, Giulia, is a very pretty girl, with laughing, roguish



From Photo by J. H. WELL

eyes, dimpled cheeks, and a pink and white complexion. She is the belle of the neighbourhood, and has many admirers among the Paolos and Carlos who reside in the quarter.

On a week-day these little Italian courts are comparatively quiet because three-quarters of the population—the men, boys, and a large number of women—are absent, on their various professions of organ-grinders, ice-cream vendors, concertina-boys, fortune tellers, plaster-image sellers, &c. It is a more interesting experience to saunter round this neighbourhood on a Sunday morning. The women and children and some of the men have been to early Mass at the Italian Church in Hatton Garden, and now they lounge about the streets chattering to their friends with great gesticulation and energy. The women and children are in their Sunday clothes. Not a spot is to be found on their clean white blouses, their kerchiefs have been newly ironed, and their little store of "jewellery"—gilt crucifixes, heavy ear-rings, medals of Our Lady, St. Joseph, and various saints adorn their ears and breasts. On Sunday morning Leather Lane is a scene of much bustle and gaiety. The street is lined on each side with booths and stalls of butchers, greengrocers, second-hand clothes-dealers, china and glass merchants, sellers of sham jewellery, ribbons, kerchiefs, &c. It is amusing to watch the old *padri* making purchases of meat and vegetables for the Sunday's dinner, or a young Francesco and Madalena choosing a "gold" ring with which to plight their troth. "*O che allegrezza! allegrezza! allegrezza!*" (oh, what joy!) cries the young girl as she slips the ring on her finger and gazes at it with admiration, surrounded by a little group of sympathising friends. Then she blushes and cries "*Oibo! O vergogna!*" (Oh, fie! for shame!) when Francesco slips his arm round her waist and gives her a hearty kiss, which the friends applaud with "*Bene! Bravo, bravissimo!*"

It is amazing to learn how these Italians crowd together in the poky little houses of the courts and alleys. Generally a house is hired by an old *padrone* who sublets it to as many of his country-

men as he can respectably squeeze in. The cellars are utilised as sleeping apartments, and in the morning as many as twenty, even thirty, men will emerge from the bowels of the earth, blinking and winking in the daylight after a night spent in the cellars under one small dwelling-house. A whole family, consisting of a husband and wife and eight or nine *fanciulli* of various ages, often sleep in one small garret or cellar. When one considers these circumstances it is a matter of surprise how many of the women can be so clean and well-



From Photo by J. H. POWELL

dressed. While strolling, one Sunday, through a narrow and dirty court, the writer saw an Italian girl who would have made a pretty figure at any fashionable fancy dress ball. She wore a handsome black satin skirt beneath a broad waistband or semi-corset of pink silk. Above this was a white muslin blouse, open at the throat and showing a little gold neck-chain and cross. A pink silk kerchief was pinned loosely to her hair and fell gracefully over one

shoulder. Altogether she was as pretty a little mortal as it is possible to see. Unfortunately this cleanliness is not common to all the inhabitants of the Italian quarter. The men are, as a rule very dirty, and make no attempt to clean their houses or courts. Old boxes, baskets, decayed vegetables, rags and

At the corner of one of the streets in this neighbourhood is a large baker's shop kept by a grizzly old Italian, who left his native country some thirty years ago. There is nothing particular about the shop itself, except that it is generally filled with a group of gossiping Italian women ; but the worthy baker is a dealer



From Photo by J. H. POWELL

refuse, lie for weeks in front of their doorsteps before they trouble to clear them away. In Leather Lane especially there is always a very unpleasant smell, because it is lined with booths containing meat, fish, and vegetables, remnants of which lie putrifying in the gutters.

in something more interesting than quartern loaves. Down a flight of steps at the back of the shop is a large underground room, which is the sleeping apartment of about a dozen boys and an equal number of monkeys. These boys have been sent over from Italy by their parents to seek their fortune in the

streets of London. The worthy baker is practically their proprietor, and he feeds and lodges them for the lion's share of their daily earnings.

This neighbourhood is the home of the piano-organ, and from here they are sent out to all parts of London to rejoice the hearts of the street arabs and people with not too fine an ear for music, and to rack the throbbing brain of the sick and nervous. In an alley close by the baker's shop, there is a large barn-like room into which a few beams of light filter through two or three dingy windows. In this gloomy apartment is a little army of piano-organs, and on certain days a number of experts are engaged upon them, fitting in new airs, tuning them, mending broken notes, or playing their *répertoire* to the criticising ears of certain Italian "professionals" proposing to hire them. It is a strange experience to stand here and listen to a medley of sounds composed of all sorts of music-hall ditties, and airs from "Il Trovatore," "Il Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusticana," and other Italian operas. A narrow wooden



From Photo by J. H. POWELL.

staircase in this piano-organ warehouse leads up to a larger and lighter room, divided by glass partitions. This is the manufacturer's office, and a number of Italian clerks sit inside the partitions entering figures into large ledgers and doing other clerical business. Any enquiries, except from "professionals," are met by a polite but firm refusal to give any particulars whatever as to the price of hire, &c.

One of the most characteristic figures in this district is a handsome fellow who comes from the neighbourhood of the Pyrenees, and who earns his livelihood by exhibiting three tame bears, with the assistance of two comrades from the same part of France. Giraud, as the principal man is called, is a splendid fellow, with a broad chest and soldierly bearing. He wears a slouch hat, a short zouave jacket, and a red sash. He has recently married a pretty young Italian, who is very proud of her *galant' uomo*, but who does not yet feel at home with his three bears, in spite of their leather muzzles. Giraud, however, has his animals under perfect control, and at the sound of his clear voice singing out, "Tenez! marchez!" the bears stand on their hind legs, shoulder their poles, and march about with great gravity. They find a lodging in a large shed at the end of a yard off Great Bath Street, and passers-by often hear them growling for their food or rattling their chains.

Another feature of this neighbourhood is the manufacture of plaster images and statues. One of the principal shops of this class is at the top of Leather Lane. The proprietor is a fine old Italian, with grizzled hair, and he makes a picturesque figure as he stands with his hands in his pockets, covered by a fine white powder, and surrounded by a strange medley of statues of the Blessed Virgin, heathen gods and goddesses, Greek wrestlers, and busts of Queen Victoria, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, and other famous men and women. At one time he kept a staff of boys, whom he sent out to all parts of London with trays of plaster-cast, but that custom has gradually died out, and he is now only a wholesale manufacturer, and supplies [schools] of art, religious

institutions, &c., with statues, casts and busts. The old *padrone* has a large staff of art-craftsmen, who work in a well-lighted room over his shop. Here they sit moulding the casts, designing new models, dipping the figures into the plaster, or cleaning up old stock. When a customer enters the shop wishing to inspect the casts, the old *padrone* shouts out, "Elà, olà, éli!" Then one or two workmen clatter down the wooden stairs and hurry about at his command, bringing down specimens of their work, arranging them in a good light, dusting them, and generally exhibiting them to the best advantage. One of his workmen is a young fellow who would make a capital model for a picture of some young saint. He has a perfectly oval face and two large brown eyes, with an innocent expression like in those of a deer. His complexion is not sallow or mahogany, like many Italians, but has a light red tinge, which is very striking. It would be interesting to know whether this handsome young fellow has a disposition as refined as his appearance, or whether his dark eyes look out from a soul as coarse and worldly as most of his neighbours.

In this little colony of foreigners there

are almost as many grades of society as in a large town. The proprietor of the little restaurant in Leather Lane considers himself infinitely superior to any of the organ-grinders or ice-cream vendors, who in their turn look down with contempt upon the men with concertinas and monkeys or the knife-grinders. The *padroni* or landlords, who own many of the dwelling-places in the district are regarded with awe and trembling by the poorest classes, and with much respect by the restaurant proprietors and shopkeepers.

This is certainly one of the most interesting districts of London. Within a radius of a quarter of a mile lives a large population speaking a foreign tongue, wearing the picturesque costume of their native land, retaining their religion, and keeping apart from the people in the midst of whom they live. These little courts are full of bright colour, bustle, and gaiety, the chatter of Italian tongues, and snatches of Italian songs, and in spite of some dirt and many unpleasant odours it is well worth the while of any Londoner to stroll round the district, and to watch the vivid picture of Italian life in London.



From Photo by J. H. P.

A Simple Complication

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL REID, R.S.W. ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



WHEN Major Jack Rutherford—invalided home on half-pay in consequence of the after-effects of an Afghan bullet in his knee—passed reluctantly between the lodge gates, and limped up the Avenue towards the Honourable Mrs. Chubb's charity garden-party, he did not know that, in his own person, he was about to illustrate the moral of the ancient fable of "Fortune and the Wanderer."

With the exception of his hostess, whom he had met but once, no one whom he knew would be likely to be present at this part-fête, part-bazaar, and semi-garden-party. He had purchased a ticket at a cost of two shillings and sixpence; which sum was, he understood, to go along with the other proceeds of the day's exertions towards building a new wing to the Parish Orphanage. When he had placed that sum in the palm of Mrs. Chubb's well-fitting, pearl-grey right-hand glove, and had received in exchange a square of magenta cardboard, he felt that he had done as much as could reasonably be expected of a stranger of limited means who had no prospective orphans of his own. But the lady had exacted an unwilling promise that on the date mentioned on the aniline-hued ticket he should attend in person to claim in temporal delights an equivalent for his charitably-given half-crown. Being a man of his word, he had come—if with something less than military punctuality.

It was well on in the afternoon of a perfect July day. The sky was blue,

and a gentle south-west wind fluttered the gay bunting of a marquee, flirted with the summer millinery of the ladies, and tempered the heat of an unclouded sun. The house was old and picturesque, the grounds and gardens charming and ablaze with roses. From everywhere at once came the sound of music and youthful voices, and each individual bird sang as if he felt himself responsible for the entertainment of the entire company.

In the cool, stone-paved hall of the mansion the Major found his hostess—a large lady with heavily-lidded eyes and a drowsily musical voice. When she spoke she had a disconcerting habit of seemingly falling asleep towards the middle of a sentence, and then just before the final word or two suddenly lifting her drooping lids and finishing with a vivacious little smile. This trick, or trait, had the effect of giving to her most commonplace remarks something of that elusive impression of a witticism, which was achieved in the old "Tom and Jerry" literature by a profusion of irresponsible italics and capital-letters. She shook hands with him dreamily; thanked him with drooping lashes for having come; seemed to drowse perilously near to unconsciousness, and then brightly introduced him to the lady who happened to be nearest at the moment.

This lady's name the Major did not catch, and a moment after he had reason to hope she had failed equally with respect to his own, for in turning round to bow to her he became nervously aware of the polished stone floor and his uncertain knee, and realised immediately thereafter that he had trodden somewhat heavily upon the toe of a shoe.

His apologies were, of course, profound and sincere, but the lady had been too severely pinched to be immediately forgiving, although he metaphorically bent his lame knee in the dust. A crowd of young people coming between them terminated a strained situation, and allowed the Major, with feelings more gloomily misanthropic than ever, to hobble towards the outer sunlight, where he found a vacant chair beside a broad gravelled walk.

"What an old bore and fogey I have become!" he muttered, "A few years ago I would have been at home in such a scene; now, with stiff and uncertain joints, I tumble like the veriest bumpkin over a lady's toes! 'Tis the unpardonable sin! Who is it says something about there being no fury like a woman's corns?"

Just then a little girl in a white dress and a turquoise Liberty sash asked him to buy a rose. When he had done so, and had stuck it in the buttonhole of his frock-coat, she thanked him very prettily, and when he refused a small handful of coppers proffered as "change" she thanked him again. This transaction had scarcely been completed when he was aware of a small boy in black velvet who offered peaches at a shilling each. He purchased two and presented one to the vendor, and the other to the little girl in the Liberty sash. Whereupon more boys and girls with further relays of merchandise becoming immediately apparent, it dawned on the gallant officer that he was seated in the direct line of fire, and he at once proceeded to execute a strategic movement towards a less exposed position. The gleam of white flannels and the *plack-plack* of tennis balls guided him to a leaf-shaded seat from whence he could view the players, while sufficiently remote from neighbours to allow of his smoking a cigar, and continuing, if need were, his melancholy musings undisturbed.

But how bright and animated the young people looked in those cool, light dresses and creamy flannels, which go so well with sunlit English grass! How deftly they intercepted the flying balls, with what airy badinage accompanied the varying fortunes of the game! Why had he grown so old all at once? Why

did he feel so out of it all? Surely a few years of foreign service, an interrupted career, and a shattered knee-cap could not account for the premature ageing of his whole nature! "That girl in white! What poetry of motion, what unconscious grace in every movement, how like she was to—ah, yes!" and the Major sighed as he cut the end off a cigar. Unconsciously he had recognised the fact that for him the past held the memory of more aching wounds than one.

Through the fragrant blue smoke he watched with continued enjoyment the graceful movements of the young girl who had aroused his languid interest. She was very well worth looking at. Tall and fair, a ruddy blonde with soft, brown eyes, of the "Pet Fawn by Landseer" type, she was dressed entirely in white with the exception of a small bow of black ribbon at her throat and in her hat, and a brooch and sleeve-links of jet. If these sombre touches might be taken to indicate some concession to a state of what is usually known as "mourning," it was evident that their influence did not extend to her spirits, which seemed of the brightest. With graceful abandonment to the physical enjoyment of the contest, she played the game with practised skill. The last rounds were in progress, and just then, by a brilliant stroke, she fielded a ball which a player on the other side struck wildly in the direction of the Major's chair. As she ran laughingly to reclaim it their eyes met. "By Jove," he muttered, "it is she herself!" and he rose to his feet.

As she continued running towards him she stooped and caught up the ball. When she held out her hand to him her face was rosy and her eyes danced with pleasure.

"Oh, Major Rutherford, can it *really* be you? This is an unexpected pleasure! Who could have hoped to see you here?"

He bent over her gloved fingers, bowing low with profoundest courtesy. "Miss Melrose, need I say how charmed I am to meet you again? I trust you are well—and your aunt?—and—and —" He stopped, seeing the girl's face grow suddenly grave.

"Aunt, Aunt Di? she said, "Oh, have you not heard? Oh, I am so sorry to be the first to tell you, but dear Aunt Di was killed in the accident to the Scotch express last Christmas?"

The Major expressed his sorrow. He did so somewhat confusedly. When he had met this young lady just three years previously she had been living at the house of an aunt—a neighbour of that married sister of his to whom his own presence there had been due. The aunt he remembered as a large-boned maiden lady of severe aspect and pronounced evangelical tendencies, with whom he had been on terms of distant and awe-inspired courtesy. He vaguely remembered having heard of her death, and his confusion was partly occasioned by the consciousness that he had forgotten this.

He looked up to meet a pair of pitying brown eyes fixed on his. "Dear Major Rutherford, I will finish the game," she indicated the disconcerted group of

players who were impatiently awaiting the conclusion of this interlude, "and then we will converse. I have so much to tell—and ask. And your poor knee and all. Oh! yes! yes! I'm coming!" she called to the others. "Please just wait here for me one moment," and she was off. The Major resumed his seat with a gasp.

There are moments in life so crammed with emotions that, like peas in an overfull pod they flatten each other. The Major's first sensation was one of profound thankfulness that she had left him, that he had at least a few moments in which to recover his self-possession. His next was one of puzzled surprise.

Was this the girl who three years ago had fooled him as surely no man of his age had been fooled before; who had made love to him by the tenderest reciprocity of eloquent act and wooing glance, who had led him on to conquer, doubt by doubt, the barriers that at first



"I AM MORE TRULY GLAD TO SEE YOU THAN I CAN SAY"

had seemed insuperably stretched between them, till at last he had believed her utterly his own; till he had poured out all his soul to her in that passionate letter in whose burning phrases, so unlike his sober self, he had offered his hand and his unsullied heart? How she had flirted with him! How she had led him on to forget the disparity of years between them, and the long trial of parting that must soon come. Thank God, he had been called away to active service on the very morrow of the day on which that heartless letter of hers had reached him. That letter—how could *she* have written it—that smiling soft-eyed girl who had just looked in his face with the old beautiful *meaningless* smile? What a living lie she was! One passage in her letter he remembered: “my affections are already bestowed on a member of a profession more serious and no less honourable than yours.” How could *she* have written like that? It was like a phrase, nay, the whole letter seemed like phrases, copied from a “Complete Letter Writer.” When first he had read these words they had called up the memory of a rabbit-mouthed curate who had haunted the aunt’s drawing-room, but anyhow the curate had evidently fared no better than himself. He had more than once heard the players call her Miss Melrose, so she was at all events still single. And here she came, a vision of flushed loveliness, to speak for herself.

“Dear Major,” said the girl, this time holding out both her hands and between them clasping one of his, “I am more truly glad to see you than I can say. Dear Aunt Vic was *so* distressed when she read your name among the list of wounded, we all were, and to think of her meeting her own fate so terribly soon! She never forgot you, Major, and if she had lived it—it might have been different.”

“Your aunt,” he answered, “was an estimable lady, and I am grieved to hear of her sudden and tragic end, but, pardon me, Miss Pansy, if I may call you by the old name, it is not of her I am most anxious to hear. How are you? I need not ask if you are well and happy, I need not tell you you are lovelier than ever, I understand you are still un-

married. How has it been with you, and what are your hopes for the future?”

They were strolling slowly along a secluded path and had reached a garden seat. Instinctively they paused beside it and then sat down. The girl turned to him a face of faultless beauty, and looked at him with her large, candid eyes.

“Yes,” she said, “I am well, and have many, many things to be grateful for. Dear Aunt Veronica has left me more than well provided for, her house is now mine, and I live there—alone. The world seems to me a very beautiful place, and life is brimming over with things to do. I have no other hopes for my future than to live a life that shall be worthy of the favours God has showered on me. Dear Aunt Di used to say——”

“Pardon me one moment,” said the Major, “but to how many aunts do you refer? If I mistake not, you have spoken of three—Di, Vic., and Veronica. Which of these was the lady whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making at the time I met you?”

There was a moment of silence before she replied. A white butterfly with black spots on its wings had settled for a second on the arm of the seat, and he watched it flutter upwards against the blue. He did not glance at her; had he done so he would have seen a troubled look in her eyes, but he only heard her uneasy laugh as she answered:

“Why to be sure! How stupid of me! They are all three names for my one aunt. I never had but one—the one you—you knew.”

“It is a little confusing,” he began.

“She was christened Veronica,” she hastened to explain, “but at school they called her Di, because she stood as Diana in some tableaux, and looked the part. But her brother—poor Uncle Toby—Dick I mean—when he came home always called her Vic; so did others sometimes. Oh, it is all very simple and complicated.”

“Very,” said the Major, who had been thinking deeply. Was it possible there was a gleam of light breaking somewhere?

“Pardon me once more,” he said, “but, tell me, what is your own name?”



"WHAT WOULD YOUR ANSWER HAVE BEEN?"

I used to call you Pansy," and his voice flickered a little for the first time, and he turned in his seat so as to face her: "that, of course, stands for Violet?"

Once more came the little, troubled laugh. "Oh, it seems all so silly, when it has to be explained like this! I never thought of things in this way before. Really, I was christened Fidelité, you know—or, of course, you *don't* know. How could you?"

"No," he said, "how—how could anybody?"

"It worked round like this. At school the girls shortened Fidelité into Fiddle. But Fiddle seemed flippant and lacking in dignity, so I insisted on Viola—romantic for Violin, you know. From Viola to Pansy was an easy step, and so 'the dewy pansy freaked with jet' became my flower."

"And a very appropriate one, too," said the Major. "But now listen to what this interesting hodge-podge of Christian and pet names has done for me. On the night of the thirteenth of

July—two days before I joined my regiment—I sent to your house a letter addressed to 'Miss V. Melrose' containing a proposal of marriage."

"Oh!"

It was only an interjection, gasped in breathless excitement, but when the Major heard it he knew that for him the shadow of a great sorrow had passed away.

The face with the radiant brown eyes was very near him now.

"And to think that I never guessed! She told me you had proposed to her

before you left, and that she had reluctantly declined. But I never knew it was by *letter*—she never mentioned a letter. And you did not know my handwriting, and—oh, what geese we have *all* been!"

"But tell me," he said, and his eyes had the light of gladness in them, "What would your answer have been if that letter had been opened by the person for whom it was meant?"

I do not know that she made any verbal reply, but the Major was very well satisfied with his answer.



General Sir Herbert Stewart's March Across the Desert.

FROM KORTI TO GUBAT

TOLD BY CORPORAL-OF-HORSE BROOKS, 1st Life Guards, one of the Heavy Camel Corps



ON 15th December, 1894, we arrived at Korti, from whence we were to start with stores to Gakdul, and return for the fighting column.

On Christmas Day we had extra rations served out. My chum and I tackled our portion of beef, which, being only freshly killed, was not particularly tender; in fact, one might as well have been chewing leather. I suggested that we should try and obtain some liver, and, having managed to secure a small quantity, proceeded to cook it; but how to fry it, with no fat, was a problem. The only fat of any sort that we could get hold of was some Russian tallow, which we used for softening our boots; so we thought we would try some, but, having tasted the result, we sorrowfully returned to our tough beef.

At about three o'clock on the 29th December, Major Kitchener, in command of the cavalry scouts, and accompanied by Arab guides, started, and shortly afterwards Lord Wolseley gave orders for the column, commanded by Sir Herbert Stewart, to advance. We marched almost continuously for four days—four days of hard work, consisting chiefly in trying to sit on a camel; and unless one has tried it, one can have no idea what it means—riding across ravines and over sand which reflected the pitiless glare of the sun all day on an animal travelling with the motion of a switchback railway.

As we neared Gakdul, we saw the scouts approaching with a prisoner, who proved to be Abu Loola, the famous caravan robber, for whose head the Mudir of Dongola had offered a large

reward. However, he was allowed to retain his head for the present, as the Intelligence Department thought that they would probably be able to get more out of it in its natural position. I believe he was ultimately taken to Lower Egypt, and there handed over to the authorities.

Having disposed of our stores at Gakdul—which was to be the base of operations for the march to Gubat—we returned to Korti for the remainder of the fighting column, having had one night's rest. On our return with the column, we halted two days at Gakdul, and then commenced the real work, as we expected to meet the enemy at any moment.

The first indication we had was a rifle found in the sand by the scouts, and on the following day we had the first sight of them. At midday we halted, and everyone was ordered to have his surgical bandage ready in the right hand pocket of his tunic. Twenty extra rounds were served out, and we were told to have dinner, which we proceeded to do on beef and biscuits, with a very limited supply of water.

Meanwhile the General, accompanied by Major Wardrop and the Earl of Airlie (adjutant), rode forward to reconnoitre, and we were soon moving forward to a more favourable position on the other side of a ridge, to form a zereba, as it was too late in the day to engage the enemy.

We immediately cut down brushwood and collected stones, the officers working with us. It was by no means pleasant work, as the enemy kept us reminded of their presence in a disagreeable manner, though a few shells from our screw guns, under Captain

Norton, kept them at a respectful distance.

Having completed the zereba with low, stone wall and brushwood, we set to work to make a hospital with biscuit boxes and sand bags, and then lay down in suspense all night, wondering who would be hit next, as the enemy kept

for tea. I had to pass it to get my water bottle, and though Colonel Bing called out to me that I should get hit, I managed to fetch it without accident. Water is worth a little trouble to fetch in the desert, especially as the supply was now almost exhausted.

After breakfast we stood to arms, and the General tried a ruse to draw the enemy, who seemed inclined to fight.

They made a fine show with their different coloured banners flying in the morning breeze, and their spear heads flashing in the red light of the rising sun, as they kept appearing and disappearing over the ridges of sand, led by dervishes on small Arab horses.

We sent forward a detachment, with orders to retreat at a given signal, as if in panic, but the enemy were "not taking any," and only pursued a couple of hundred yards or so.

As they would not attack us we had to attack them, so we formed square and moved forward towards Abu Klea wells. The ground being very broken, it was extremely difficult to keep close formation, and the left face of the square was considerably lower than the right.

We had not gone far when the enemy, who had been partially hidden by the scrub, charged down on the front, but seemed to change their mind, and swept round to the left

rear face of the square, where the Naval Brigade was situated.

The Gardiner gun was brought into action at the corner where the attack was hottest, but the ammunition jammed after a few shots had been fired.

I was on the left face of the square, but towards the front, and we poured a



CORPORAL-OF-HORSE BROOKS

up a continuous fire from the scrub all round, causing several casualties.

Getting breakfast the next morning was a trying ordeal, as the enemy seemed to have chosen the camp kettle for a target, and the bullets were hopping all round it, so that one had to run the gauntlet off them to get one's water

lateral fire into the advancing dervishes, but often had to eject our empty cases with our cleaning rods, owing to the cartridges jamming.

None of the enemy came to close quarters where I was, but at the rear corner several were not cut down till they were actually inside the square—in fact, the now useless "Gardiner" was surrounded by them. Here many a gallant man went down, but none more lamented than Colonel Burnaby, who was assisting the stragglers to get into the square, and trying to rally the men.

The enemy suddenly realised that they had had enough of it, and fled in the direction of Berber and Metemneh, while we made our way painfully towards the wells, not even the wounded being able to have any water till we arrived there, as all our supply was exhausted.

We reached Abu Klea without any further resistance, and were indeed thankful for water, though we had to be sparing with it, owing to the supply being very small.

On the 18th January we started for Metemneh, the General being anxious to push on as rapidly as possible. Leaving the wounded in a zereba at the wells, under a small guard, we proceeded, marching day and night.

We were now so tired that it was with difficulty we could sit on our camels. I nearly fell off several times, and during the march we halted by bugle for the stragglers to come up, when we threw ourselves on the ground and were asleep instantly, but were immediately awakened to renew our march. One man, a brother of Sergeant Peters, 5th Lancers, was left behind asleep, and when he awoke and found himself alone, made his way towards Metemneh, where he expected to overtake us, but was killed by the natives.

As the sun rose we saw the enemy in the direction of Metemneh, and were ordered to dismount and form a zereba. We were now in a clear space of gravel, surrounded by scrub, but had no time to choose a better position, as the scrub all round was alive with dervishes, who potted us all the time we were piling up boxes to form the zereba.

When this was done we set about getting breakfast. I drank my last

drop of water and was trying to get down some "bully beef," when a bullet came between two boxes, took off the backsight of my companion's rifle, and hit me on the thigh. It was fortunate for me that it met the rifle first, or I might not be here to tell the tale. As it was, I felt as though I had been struck with a hammer, and was lame for some days. Mr. St. Leger Herbert, correspondent of the *Morning Post*, and Mr. J. A. Cameron, of the *Standard*, were killed, and General Stewart was wounded.

The command therefore devolved upon Lord Falmouth and Sir Charles Wilson, who decided to send on a small square, with camels carrying tanks to fetch water from the Nile.

I was left with the zereba, and assisted, under the Earl of Dundonald, to build a biscuit-box fort to protect the hospital.

All the time we were building the fort, which was to hold thirty men, we were peppered by the enemy from the surrounding scrub. Each biscuit-box, weighing 28lbs., had to be carried across the open several yards, and it is a wonderful fact that no one was hit, though I made up my mind I was done for when, crossing the space on one occasion, dragging a pile of brushwood, I saw a bullet strike the sand about a couple of yards in front of me. Involuntarily I closed my eyes, expecting to feel it; but it must have ricocheted to one side. The advance of the square was covered by the Gardiner gun, under Colonel Barrow; but in spite of this, many fell while it was being formed.

It now disappeared from view, and we could only tell whereabouts it was by the firing, till towards evening we saw the flames at Gubat, and knew it had reached the Nile. We were very thankful when it returned in the morning with water, most of us having been without for twenty-four hours.

Having buried the dead, over which Lord Charles Beresford read the Burial Service, we proceeded to Gubat, and on the following morning a small square made a reconnaissance towards Metemneh. I lighted them on their way with a lantern. However, we did not get very close, as the enemy had two or three Krupp guns, and knew how to use them; so we retired back to Gubat.



THE "HEAVIES" BUILDING BISCUIT-BOX FORT UNDER FIRE

It was on the field of the recent battle here that during picket duty I found several spears, one of which an officer wished to buy from me, as it was rather a rare pattern and particularly barbarous-looking; but I preferred to keep it. I also found a papyrus roll and book. The book was originally covered with crocodile skin, but I unfortunately had the cover stolen. Here we received the news of the fall of Khartoum, and the news that we were to return without avenging "Gordon" gave general dissatisfaction.

We left Gubat on the 12th February with the wounded, among them General Stewart. We were now marching on foot, the few remaining camels being used to convey the wounded.

Our boots by this time were not very serviceable. I had to strap mine to keep the remainder of the soles to the uppers, and even then it was painful work, as one could feel every stone through them.

On the morning of the 13th we came across the tail end of a column of the enemy going into Metemneh, and exchanged shots. We then noticed another column approaching, and fired several volleys, only to find as they came nearer that we were firing at the

Light Camel Corps. Fortunately no one was hit.

The evening before we reached Abu Klea I suggested that we should have as good a supper as possible, expecting to have some fighting the next morning. My two chums, Corporal of Horse Nicholson and Corporal Ryan, set to work to prepare the banquet. We inspected our saddle-bags, and produced several tins, some labelled "Pea flour," for soup. I had scraped the contents of several into the pot with my clasp-knife, and was going to do the same with another of different shape, and rather larger, when Nicholson said: "Let's have a look at that, Brooks; it looks different to the others." It was as well we did not use it, as after searching diligently by the light of the camp fire we came across a small piece of label still remaining, on which was inscribed: "For bugs and fleas." It was "Vermin killer." We were now almost bootless, and marching on a pound of biscuits and three pints of water a day; sometimes a pint of flour instead of the biscuits, which we had to bake in old beef tins, placed in the embers of the fire.

Shortly before reaching Gakdul General Stewart expired, and we carried

him to the wells, where he was buried. Our first variation of diet was when we reached Korti, where we were served with 10z. of jam per man.

We marched from Korti to summer quarters at Haffir, where I had an unpleasant experience.

I was sent one evening to the camp at Abu Fatmeth with returns. I rode on my master's donkey down the river to a point opposite Abu Fatmeth, where

and get away; but they evidently were not to be put off so easily, as they again made a rush for me, so that I had to retire, holding my donkey with one hand and presenting my revolver at them with the other.

We left Haffir on the 4th June and proceeded down stream in whale-boats. We nearly had an upset on one occasion. Lord Rodney's boat ran on a rock, and the boat I was in ran into her. We saw a white helmet in the water, and feared that someone was overboard, but fortunately it was not so. After passing Sheban rapid I was sitting with a boat-hook as look-out, when I caught sight of what I thought was a



I left my steed in charge of a sergeant of the R.A., and proceeded across the river by the ferry boat. Having delivered my papers, I returned, and was riding through a small village when I saw several niggers making a rush for me; so I hopped off my donkey and drew my revolver, with which I threatened them, telling them to stay where they were or I would shoot. I called one of them to bring me some water, which he did, and having had a drink, he of course expected to be paid for it; but I found I had no small money, and not feeling inclined to give him a reheel, I proceeded to mount my donkey

"I HOPPED OFF MY DONKEY AND DREW MY REVOLVER"

sunken rock, but it proved to be one of the Black Watch, who had evidently been drowned, coming up. Major Bing ordered the corpse to be landed, which we managed to do with our oars, and he was buried in a sandy grave, like many another poor fellow had been. We continued by boat to Koseh, and marched from thence to Ambugoil, where we entrained for Cairo and home.



BY E. M. DAVY,

Author of "Jack Dudley's Wife," "A Daughter of Earth," "A Prince of Como," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY YORK SHUTER AND "GUY"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ASSASSIN.

ON Friday morning Nella awoke from an unrefreshing slumber.

She raised herself feeling cold and stiff; her limbs ached, her head throbbed painfully, but far and away beyond all sense of physical suffering was that of intense mental depression caused by a dream.

And yet the strangest part of it was, she strove in vain to remember the substance of that dream. All that remained of it was a vague idea that Philip had been calling to her and that she had been struggling vainly to go to him.

As the morning advanced the painful impression left by the forgotten dream wore off, but the feeling of dull silent apathy still lingered. In a slow mechanical sort of way, hardly knowing what she did, she put on her outdoor garments.

"Are ye ganin' oot, mistress?" Griffiths asked, "Mun aa gan' wiv ye?"

The woman looked surprised, but did not speak when Nella told her she would go alone.

Nella might—with even more reason—have been surprised herself, but she did not stop to inquire into motives; she descended the stairs and went out into the street. Her actions on this particular day seemed to have passed altogether out of her own control.

At first she walked leisurely, but with gradually increasing speed, as though some irresistible power were controlling her and drawing her onwards. She looked neither to right nor left, nor noticed the streets she threaded, but at length found herself in a crowd which effectually barred further progress.

The crowd was composed chiefly of roughs, from contact with whom ordinarily she would have shrunk; now, however, she simply watched them and the efforts of some policemen to keep them back.

"You here, Madam—alone?" said a voice close to her; and turning, she saw Major Hamilton Higgins,

"What are all these people here for?" she asked.

"To get into Court, I guess—only they can't. They'll fool around in hopes of catching a glimpse of prisoner coming out."

"What prisoner?"

"The man arrested for the murder on the cars, who is under examination for the second time."

"In there?"

"Why certainly. May I escort you in? I'm late, but was detained by other business. Here, you!" he said to a police officer at the door, "let me pass with this lady."

"Full, sir."

"Guess it'll be fuller by two in another half-quarter second."

"Imposs—"

"That word's out of date, my friend. See this?"

After reading what was written on the paper extended to him, the officer changed his tone.

"Pity you come so late. I'll get your honour admitted where you'll be able to hear, but I doubt you'll not see anything."

What possessed Mrs. Lorraine to enter this Court in company with this man, almost a stranger to her? What force controlled her to set off to walk there when it would have seemed a thousand times more natural to remain at Charing Cross Hotel waiting for Philip? These questions are unanswerable; neither is it possible to account for the strange, weird feeling that began to creep over her as she passed through the crowd and along the passage to the Court room. She could only have described it as similar to that which she experienced on awakening from her dream. A kind of wondering awe inspired her. Why had she come there? What was going to happen?

Even while marvelling thus she felt quite composed and calm, an unnatural calm, like that which occasionally precedes a storm.

The policeman had spoken truth, the place was so full it was scarcely possible to find standing room within the door.

It was the first time Nella had been inside a Court of Justice, therefore if she failed afterwards to give a strictly

accurate account of what actually transpired it may thus be partly accounted for, added to the fact that the chief incidents impressed her with such overwhelming force as to partially blot from her memory all else.

"Are you able to see the prisoner?" whispered the American.

"No."

"Nor I. We shall see nary a thing. But we will listen."

This last Nella felt impelled to do. A railway witness was under examination and she heard the following:

"It was my duty to see that the carriages were cleared and to close the doors. When I was in the act of closing one first class compartment, I thought I saw something inside. I put my lantern in, and looked. A lady was lying right back on the seat. She did not move when I spoke, and I brought the station-master, and he called Dr. Leck who happened to be on the platform. The Doctor said she was not yet cold but quite dead."

"Did you suspect any foul play?"

"There were signs of a scuffle having taken place. There was blood on the cushions and on the floor."

"Anything else?"

"I found a sovereign and some silver that appeared to have rolled into a corner; I also noticed that the lady's watch chain was hanging loose and broken as if the watch had been torn away by force. I made inquiries for any suspicious persons who might have escaped, but no one appeared to have got away without giving up his ticket. I am aware it transpired at the inquest that the deceased was travelling without a ticket, as none was found on her."

"Have you any previous knowledge of the prisoner?"

"No, your worship."

Dr. Leck, of the London—Hospital, was next called, and said:

"I was the first person to examine the unfortunate girl in the railway carriage. I should say she was sixteen years of age. She had not been dead more than half an hour, probably less. I saw evidence to lead me to believe she came to her death by strangulation. There were distinct marks on the throat as if a hand had gripped it tightly. These

marks, of course, were more visible when first seen."

The name of the next witness took Nella by surprise. It was Lieutenant George Waldy. There was a murmur of commiseration as he went into the witness box. His replies were almost inaudible, his voice choked with emotion:

"I am only brother to the deceased Bertha Waldy. Our father is a medical man and has gone abroad with a patient. At this moment I have not his address. My sister lived with him at Woodside House, near Grantham. They had not lived there long. My sister wrote to me complaining of being dull and wanted to join me in London. I wrote and told her she must not do so, but I would run down and see her again in a day or two. I did not expect her to come that night. Nothing was ever further from my thoughts. I suppose it was a girlish freak. She was high spirited and full of fun. I had no idea deceased was my sister until I read the account of the inquest."

"Did you ever see the prisoner before?"

"No. And yet——"

"You are not sure? This is most important evidence. Try and recollect."

"I am trying——"

"And you are still not sure?"

"Perhaps I may remember later on. But this awful——"

"Do you recognise the watch which was found in accused's possession?"

"I do. It was given by my father to my poor sister on her last birthday. The B.W. in small diamonds are her initials. I also recognise the bit of broken chain that attached it to a safety pin."

Elizabeth Dawson was next called. She said:

"I am housekeeper to Dr. Waldy, of Woodside House, Grantham. I did not attend the inquest on Tuesday, but I saw the body of deceased on Wednesday, and identified it as that of Miss Bertha Waldy, my young mistress. I last saw her alive on Saturday evening, when I accompanied her to the railway station. She said she was going to join her brother in London. I did not consider it my business to inquire if he expected her. She was a young lady with a will of her own. When we reached the

station it was late. Miss Bertha jumped out of the carriage, crying, 'I'll miss the train' and ran through towards the platform. I called a porter to take her portmanteau and followed him in with it; but as we did so the train was moving off. I went to the ticket-office expecting to meet Miss Waldy but it was closed, and she was not there. No one appeared to have noticed her. I concluded that by running fast she had managed to jump into the train when it was on the point of starting. I asked when the portmanteau could reach her in London, and was told not till Monday morning. There was nothing for me to do but to return, as the train Miss Waldy had gone by was the last from Grantham that night."

"Did you think it right for a young lady to go off alone?"

"It was no business of mine, your worship. I have not lived with Dr. Waldy long."

"When did you first suspect something was wrong?"

"I got a telegram from Mr. George Waldy on Monday afternoon, asking why Miss Waldy's portmanteau had been sent to him. Then I felt anxious, and set off to London, to Mr. George's rooms, on Monday evening, but we could make out nothing. It wasn't till I heard about the inquest that I thought the deceased was Miss Waldy."

"Did you ever see prisoner before?"

"Never, your worship."

"Have you any reason to think the deceased knew him?"

"None whatever."

Thomas Aldis, waiter:

"I was at the Crown restaurant in King's Road on the night in question, and perfectly recollect a gentleman coming in hurriedly, but did not take particular notice of him, as he went through to the lavatory, and I was serving a customer at the time. In coming out he asked me for a brandy and soda, and I remarked that he looked pale and flustered like. It was not until Monday morning that the handkerchief stained with blood and marked P.L. was discovered in the lavatory. On further search being made, stains were found on the towels with which he had dried his hands. I next saw prisoner on

the platform at King's Cross on Monday afternoon, and pointed him out to the detectives who were on the watch there."

"How did you recognise him again?"

"By his clean-shaven appearance, also, by his dark eyes which had a strange kind of look about them."

"Prisoner, have you any question to put to this witness?"

No answer.

Detective Nixon next gave evidence. He said:—"I and Detective Collins went up to the prisoner, and asked if

"Is there any further evidence?"

"No, your Worship."

The justice, addressing the accused asked, "Have you anything to say?"

No answer.

"Any witnesses?"

"None."

Then the magistrate said, "Having now heard the evidence, there is but one course open to me, and that is to commit the prisoner to take his trial at the Central Criminal Court, next session, for wilful murder."

During the momentary stillness that followed, Nella heard the accused speak for the first time.

"I admit the justice of the verdict according to the evidence given. I cannot prove my innocence."

That voice! great heaven! was it possible that another man could speak with the voice of Philip? The tones were so tender, so familiar, they might have been the very echo of his own. Who was he? What might be the appearance of the accused? Nella's interest was aroused to fever heat, and instantly the wild conviction seized her that the owner of that voice could not have done the deed. A movement among the crowd enabled her



"HIS EYES SPOKE TO HER OF DISMAY AND WONDER"

he remembered the night of the 25th, and a young lady in a railway carriage. He said, 'You are a police officer?' I answered, 'Yes.' He said, 'I was afraid of this. Must I go with you?'"

The magistrate interrupted with: "Well, you need not go over all that; you told us before that he went quietly. State what you found."

"I found in his possession the watch with a diamond monogram, and broken chain attached. These were in a waistcoat pocket. The corresponding clothes had stains of blood on them."

to advance a few steps, and then—

Would she ever forget the horror and agony of that terrible moment when she first caught sight of the accused?

Her eyes fixed themselves on his, and his on hers. Their gaze, so meeting, became intensified and seemed to cling together. What he read in hers she knew not, but his dear eyes spoke to her of dismay and wonder; of passionate love; then of despair. Staggering he fell back, pale as death. She made an effort to go to him, and struggled as *she knew she had struggled in her dream.*

But she could not go, for the hand of the American was on her shoulder, and held her like a vice. He, too, had seen. He, too, knew now as much as she did.

"Only an *alibi* can save him," he whispered.

"What's that?"

"Proof that he was elsewhere at the time."

"Is this one?"

"What?"

"A telegram he sent between nine and ten on Saturday night," she gasped in breathless haste.

"Where from?"

"Oldcastle."

"Produce that telegram."

While these hurried words were being exchanged, Nella drew forth the now precious paper. Major Higgins snatched it from her hand, and, waving it above his head called out—

"Mr. Magistrate and gentlemen, if it lies in the power of an *alibi* to save a man, I say the thing is done. That killing took place between nine and ten o'clock p.m. Admitted? Well! Saturday night accused was not in the cars at all. At that time he was sending a telegram from Oldcastle to the lady he has since married. Here is that telegram, and I am Major Hamilton Higgins of the United States Army. That's all I've gotten to say."

The telegram was taken by a policeman and handed over to the magistrate. Meanwhile, Nella trembled with impatience. No longer able to see Philip, her only comfort was to grasp the strong hand of her companion who spoke to her in whispers, soothingly, as to a child: "Courage, my dear," said he; "they're only fooling around to keep up the dignity of the law. Your husband will lift his head and step out like a free-born Britisher, he will, in another five minutes."

"Can you swear, sir, that this message was sent in prisoner's own name?" asked the Magistrate, addressing the Major with—as it seemed to Nella—unnecessary severity.

"Why, certainly!" he answered, with the utmost confidence.

"How do you prove it?"

"Why, haven't I gotten it this minute

from his wife, who is standing by my side?"

"What is her married name?"

"Mrs. Philip Lorraine, to be sure. Why, what else could it be?"

"Then it matters little at what hour the message was dispatched. Your evidence, sir, goes *against* the man you desire to save. This telegram is from Philip Lorraine to Miss Elliot. The prisoner calls himself *Paul Lorrimer*."

"Great Scott! There's something here that licks creation!"

"Remove the prisoner."

"You'll accept bail?" asked the Major.

"No, sir."

"Oh, come! Name your figure now. A thousand dollars? I'm good for a hundred thousand!" cried the American excitedly. "I'll see you through this, or be shot for it," he whispered in Nella's ear.

"There is no question of bail. I never had less hesitation in sending a case for trial. Remove the prisoner at once."

After the committal of the prisoner by the magistrate, Nella made a vain attempt to say some words. From her white, quivering lips no sound would come; the people, the walls of the room, all swayed and whirled round her; the scene in the Court-house faded from her recollection.

CHAPTER IX.

HER FAITH IN HIM.

When Nella began to recover consciousness, she was lying on a couch in her sitting-room at Charing Cross Hotel. Slowly and by degrees came the recollection of the fearful tragedy in which she had become involved, and when this fully dawned on her in all its horrible reality, she raised herself and asked:

"Who is there?"

"Me, ma dear mistress," cried Griffiths, dropping on her knees and looking at Nella with streaming eyes.

At the same time the tall figure of the American stood beside the kneeling one of the old nurse.

"Mrs. Lorraine," said he, "you've not forgotten me, I reckon; nor have I forgotten the promise I made to see you through this tangle."

Here Griffiths insisted on administering what she called some "doctor's stuff," which Nella took readily.

"Now let me hear you say you believe my husband innocent of this hideous charge?"

She included both in the question, but looked at Griffiths first.

"Aye, mistress," she answered, simply and solemnly.

"That's so," said the major. "But you see you can't make the world believe it unless you prove it, and that will take both time and dollars."

"I have both."

"And so have I," he added, drily, "and mean to use them too. But, lest you should feel any qualms about accepting assistance from a stranger, I guess I'd best tell you something I discovered in that there courthouse. You are one of the Elliots, of Northshire. This good woman says your mother was a Musgrave. She was my sister, consequently I'm your uncle, who's thereby gotten the right to enact the *deus ex machina* of the fable. It's kind of curious how old families die out," he said, musingly, then continued with his usual manner: "Wall, I reckon you've plenty to think of now, without listening to a long yarn from me. I'll cut it short: I ran away to America when a lad of fourteen bent on a life of adventure, and I got it. I only wrote home once, and that was to say, 'I'm dead,' and I guess after a while they believed it. When the war broke out I volunteered, did some smart fighting, and might have been a colonel now; but colonels got to be kind of chestnuts in the States, thereupon I concluded to stop at major. But I made my pile, as all good Americans do, and this is my first visit to the old country since I gave it best. I meant to search out the family when I'd seen around a bit. That's so. But now to your affairs, niece, and to consider what's best to be done to pull your husband through. I'll engage the first counsel in the land. That must be done this night. We'll prove an *alibi*, sure as sure; I have it all in train. Why on earth he did not do it I'm at a loss to guess, unless he's lost his head. I'm just now awaiting further news from Oldcastle, and if it doesn't arrive

in an hour, I'll make tracks there myself."

He picked up "Bradshaw," and, after studying its pages, remarked coolly:

"Anything I can do for you before I start?"

"Procure me the papers containing the fullest account of——"

"Oh, mistress, mistress, spare yersel'," cried Griffiths.

"You shall have those papers," said the major, with decision.

"Also it will be necessary to have the address of George Waldy. I must see him——"

"Nay," he said, speaking with the greatest kindness, "that would only pain you and do no good."

"Uncle, for pity's sake don't thwart me. Listen!" she cried, standing up before him the better to enforce her words. "As I lay there—on that couch—I determined what to do, and nothing shall turn me from that resolve. Every instant of time this terrible stigma continues to rest on Philip's name cries shame to me that I don't clear it. There is some mystery—God alone knows what! But I have made this vow: I will not see my husband's face again until his dear name is cleared. His sensitive nature shrank from my knowing of this hideous accusation. He expected truth to prevail, so that I—his wife—need never hear of it. That was why he gave another name. Fate has been both cruel and kind—cruel to have afflicted him so sorely, but kind in revealing to me that he would have died rather than I should know. I am groping in darkness now towards the light, but I shall reach it—soon. Dear Uncle, do aid me in my own way. You will procure me George Waldy's address?"

"I've gotten it. Here it is. Great Cæsar! A woman like you must have her way. The young man met me coming out of Court. He's true grit, he is. He told me he pitied you, and if he could do or say anything to comfort you, he would."

A waiter entered with a telegram.

The major, his countenance beaming with satisfaction, took it, and tore off the cover, but, as he read, his expression changed; he looked more and more troubled.

"Any reply?" inquired the waiter.

"None. You can go." Then Major Higgins returned to Nella.

"Tell you, my dear, what I've done. On quitting court, I wired the head clerk at the Oldcastle office to know at what hour the telegram was handed in on the night of the 25th. We know when it was sent out, but that's not the point. When it was handed in, and by whom, is what we must get at. Here's the reply received a good half-hour ago. When you've read that you shall see this other.

Giving the paper into her hand, he watched her while she read as follows:

"Telegram referred to was handed in at our office by messenger from County Hotel at 9.45 p.m. on 25th inst., and was despatched immediately."

"Stay," he said, "stay," grimly laying his hand impressively upon Nella's arm. "Don't exult too soon, as I did. Before reading the other listen here. I wired this to the manager of County Hotel: '*Can you inform me if Mr. Philip Lorraine passed the night of 25th at your hotel? Any particulars of his movements on said night and following days will*

oblige. Answer prepaid.' Now read this reply just received. Only first I warn you, niece, summon all the fortitude you've gotten."

Thus prepared and taking the paper, Nella read these fateful words:—

"Mr. Philip Lorraine did not pass night of 25th at County Hotel. He went south by 4 p.m. express, returning following morning, and left hotel finally on 27th, after paying his account."

As the terrible import of these words revealed itself, a slight giddiness seized Nella, but it passed off quickly.

"Cheer up, my dear," said her uncle, pressing her hand encouragingly, "I'm off now to seek legal advice. You read up the case while I'm gone. Black as it looks, if he's innocent, we'll save him. Remember, one reverse doesn't spell defeat."

"If he is innocent!" God! How those words rang in her ears.

It was too true, then, that Philip had travelled by that fatal train. It was equally true, alas, that he had endeavoured to conceal the fact. This was what lent the worst aspect to the case, and, no doubt, would go far in the minds of many people towards establishing his guilt.

The promised newspapers were brought; Nella bade Griffiths find her knitting, and asked her not to speak whilst she sat down to read them.

Then she read the whole tragic story—from the finding of the poor dead girl in the railway carriage on the Saturday night to the final scene in Court that afternoon—when Paul Lorrimer, *alias* Philip Lorraine, had been committed to take his trial for murder at the ensuing Sessions.

How long afterwards Nella remained sitting staring straight before her, her hands clasped on her lap, the papers lying at her feet, she knew not, but was aroused by Griffiths touching her.

"Ma bairn, are ye iv a trance? *Dio ye see owl?*" she asked, in an awe-struck whisper.

Nella looked at her for a moment as the woman afterwards related, 'quite dazed like,' then answered slowly,

"I am trying to see—light."

(To be continued.)



"NELLA REMAINED SITTING, STARING STRAIGHT BEFORE HER."